How the Democrats Gave Us Reagan:
The Ten Key Moments of the 1980 Campaign

The Washington Monthly

EBRUARY 1982/$2

A Rebirth of Virtue: Religion and Liberal Renewal

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Letters

Gas Masks?

I was surprised that a nationally reputed magazine placed uncritical reliance on Mr. Haught's erroneous article in the *Charleston Gazette* ["Tilting at Windmills," October].

Based on the higher costs of serving its customers, Columbia Gas of West Virginia is currently seeking rate relief. This relief is essential to enable it to continue providing reliable service to its customers. After hearings, the West Virginia Public Service Commission will determine the reasonableness of Columbia of West Virginia's request for increased revenues.

You conclude that Columbia Gas of West Virginia should be denied rate relief because of the earnings of the Columbia Gas System as a whole, in spite of the fact that Columbia of West Virginia lost money last year and is experiencing higher operating costs this year. Unless you are willing to concede that Columbia of West Virginia is entitled to an increase in its earnings every time the Columbia Gas System as a whole experiences a reduction in earnings, it is inconsistent to maintain that Columbia Gas of West Virginia's earnings should be reduced on the basis of increased earnings of the system as a whole.

You apparently accept the premise that the affiliated Columbia Gas System companies are "paper devices" for deceiving regulatory agencies. It is true that each affiliate in the Columbia Gas System seeks to make a profit. However, any such profit is *earned* as a return on investment and for valuable services rendered. If Columbia Gas of West Virginia were not affiliated with the Columbia Gas System, it would nevertheless incur the cost of purchasing gas. To illustrate the point, the price that Columbia Gas of West Virginia pays to Columbia Gas Transmission Corporation, its interstate pipeline supplier, is the same price paid by nonaffiliated gas distribution companies in West Virginia to Columbia Transmission for gas delivered into their systems.

JOHN D. DALY
Columbus, Ohio

Mr. Daly is president of Columbia Gas of West Virginia.

The editor replies:

My point remains: Columbia's transmission and distribution companies make profits from their dealings with Columbia's retailing companies. The profits appear on Columbia's books as profits and thus impress Wall Street, but they appear as expenses on the books of each retailing company, which then pleads poverty before state regulatory commissions while Columbia is rolling in money.

Water Web

Take away all the dams and reclamation projects of the last 80 years ["The Wet, Wet West," by Ronald Brownstein and Nina Easton, November] and it's quite true there would very likely be no great deal of rice grown in California today, because the area where it is farmed would be too wet to grow much of anything except mosquitos. It lies close to sea level, at the confluence of three great rivers, the Feather, the Yuba, and the Sacramento, which taken together are the source of much of the abundance of water the authors so correctly point out. In its natural state most of it was a great marsh—that is, when it wasn't flooded outright each spring by runoff from melting snow in the Sierra Nevada.

Still, maybe we should finish the job. Let's have the Corps of Engineers dry up one of the world's most productive rice areas so we can make use of the otherwise ideal sun and soil conditions there to dry farm wheat. Then we can ship the water we've saved hundreds of miles to the south where it can irrigate still more lands lacking in adequate drainage, lands that should never be farmed, and so further expand the absurd, wasteful tangle of public subsidies and private profit the article does such an otherwise fine job of describing.

PHILIP REED
Albany, California

Merits and Carrots

Nicholas Lemann's arguments against the "meritocracy" ["The Merit Racket," December] become somewhat less compelling when you realize that one of those people whom he views as the alternative—underachievers at school but overachievers at life—is currently president of the U.S. Sure Ronald Reagan gets results, but what results!

While college success may not have much to do with hardscrambling in the real world—not exactly a startling revelation—neither is "scholastic aptitude" irrelevant to a complex society in which intelligent indecision may occasionally be preferable to effective but ultimately disastrous action. No, having a Ph.D. from Harvard probably wouldn't make Ronald Reagan a

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better president, but the way things are going maybe it's not a bad idea.

VENSON STEADMAN
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Lemann's article is a useful elaboration of the *Monthly* theme about the featherbedded nature of American life. But it fails to distinguish that so-called "productive ambition" that is worthwhile from that which is worthless. Is it really worse to write environmental impact statements than to sell dune buggies or write romance novels? Is the market the only method of making choices in society?

When you call for a return to patronage in politics as a way of improving performance, you have so far neglected the point that a major attraction of working to get a candidate elected isn't to get a job in government but to be well connected so as to have "influence" (e.g., Pat Caddell, Peter Hannaford). That influence can be especially profitable because it is so vague. This aspect of American political life is not only not productive ambition; it is not even merit.

EDWARD F. SHARP
Takoma Park, Maryland

Nicholas Lemann does a persuasive job, but he is not quite clear whether he believes the academic gateway passes people who perform poorly as professionals or whether it keeps out people who would perform better. The first problem may be helped by the change in values that Lemann advocates briefly at the close of his article, that is, if performance is rewarded above credentials. But the second problem, of people who are better able to do professional work than academic work, will be little helped by changes in reward structure for those who have already gotten by the academic gatekeepers.

The obvious alternative to academic credentialing is an apprenticeship program that culminates with the same licensing examinations already required. The closest model is probably the series of examinations by which actuaries are advanced in their profession.

One need not believe that academic credentialing is worthless to society to believe that other pathways may be equally worthy.

CLARK R. MCCAULEY
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

"Why Nurses Lose Patience" [by Donna Fenn, November] is an example of a too-prevalent mentality.

For decisions that can mean life or death, nurses must be well educated. The American Nurses' Association is saying that nursing must keep up with the awesome advances in the health sciences in order to serve patients best.

BARBARA NICHOLS
Kansas City, Missouri

Ms. Nichols is president of the American Nurses' Association.

The editor replies:

Our point about nurses is Mr. McCauley's. They should be able to rise by the apprenticeship route.

The Washington Monthly

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Cover painting: "Christ and the Doctor," Georges Rouault, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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Tilting at Windmills

Not long ago this headline appeared in *The Wall Street Journal:*

TOP EXECUTIVES
THOUGH WELL-PAID
STILL WORRY ABOUT
PERSONAL WEALTH

The article first notes that "the executives who run America's corporations make a lot of money. . . . Salaries generally start well into six figures; among heads of larger companies, salaries of $300,000 to $700,000 aren't uncommon, and when bonuses and other incomes are included, chief executives of many companies make more than $1 million a year." But it goes on to say that "many of these executives worry deeply about the adequacy of their personal wealth," they "worry about inflation, income taxes, estate taxes, or the performance of their personal investments," and they wish they could spend more money on "travel and recreation" and "acquiring things in pursuit of personal hobbies."

This seems insane to me. It is why I think Kathleen Kennedy Townsend's article in this issue is so important. We do need a rebirth of virtue in this country in which love and honor and courage are what are important and materialism is seen as Saint Francis saw it—an evil that diverts our attention from the things that really count. Almost everyone is caught up in it, not just corporate executives but doctors, lawyers, government employees, the people who work for the television networks and the great newspapers—almost all of them are preoccupied with money and the things it can buy. This means that there is little criticism of the material ethic and few examples for those who might seek another path. Of the prominent Americans of the last decade, only Ralph Nader comes to mind as one who has been indifferent to personal wealth. . . .

In her article Townsend goes on to argue that the foundation of this rebirth of virtue could be the kind of religious belief that motivated the Martin Luther Kings and the Robert F. Kennedys. I was recently reminded of the importance of religion in the life of another great American leader by this paragraph from Joseph Alsop's new book, *FDR:*

"Franklin Roosevelt could never have been a great war president, and I think he was, without his total imperturbability and firm belief that any disaster could only be temorary, which quite largely derived from his never-shaken Christian faith. In bad times, as his wife later wrote, he literally and humbly believed God was with him and would not desert him."

In November, when you saw those films of our Rapid Deployment Force parachuting into Egypt, you may have thought that at last we had gotten our act together and could make a truly rapid response to crisis anywhere in the world. The catch was that the M-60 tanks and M-113 personnel carriers you saw on the ground had been put on a boat a month earlier in Savannah, Georgia. In other words, the United States can now react promptly to any crisis—if the other side gives us 30 days' notice. . . .

The United Virginia Bank has recognized the need to return to our roots. It has a commercial that begins with an early American scene of pilgrims felling trees and building cabins. The announcer says, "Our first settlers felt the need to create shelter. We still need shelter from the things we don't understand. Look into our Tax Shelters for the Eighties." . . .

For further inspiration, try this full-page advertisement by the East New York Savings Bank in *The New York Times* of December 14. The bold-type headline proclaimed:

I WANT IT!
I WANT IT NOW!
AND I DON'T WANT
TO PAY ANY TAXES!

No one caputured the dark side of America with better humor than Paddy Chayevsky, the late playwright who died recently. Chayevsky's most famous screenplay was *Network,* but my two favorites were *Hospital* and

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The Americanization of Emily, each of which had moments of satiric genius that have been equalled in Hollywood only by W. C. Fields's film *The Bank Dick* and by Norman Lear's television series *Fernwood 2Night.* Chayevsky could be tiresome when he tried to be serious, but his black humor was brilliant—remember how hilariously the opening scenes in *Hospital* revealed the ineptitude, greed, and callousness of modern American medicine, and remember the admiral in *Emily* who carried interservice rivalry to the point of wanting to make sure a sailor would be the first to die on D-Day so that there could be a tomb of the unknown *sailor?*...

The 1981 record of the Democrats in Congress is not inspiring. My friend Curtis Gans points out that a majority of them opposed cutting subsidies for the Synthetic Fuels Corporation (remember Thomas N. Bethell's award-winning expose of that boondoggle in our October 1980 issue); opposed elimination of import quotas for sugar, peanuts, and textiles; opposed reducing subsidies to tobacco farmers and price supports to the dairy industry; and opposed a Federal Trade Commission rule that would have required used car dealers to tell the truth to potential buyers....

Evans and Novak greeted the New Year with a column that expressed a concern that the Peace Corps was not indoctrinating its volunteers on the Communist threat to freedom. We actually tried to do that back in the early years of the Peace Corps while I was working there. But we stopped, not because we had been subverted by the Kremlin but because we realized it was silly. What we found our hosts cared about was not the volunteer's ability to discuss the relative merits of Marxism and capitalism but his ability to speak their language, understand their customs, and, most of all, do a good job. They wanted help, not propaganda....

When the Washington Post bought the printing plant of the Washington Star, it had a legitimate reason: *Post* circulation had skyrocketed because of the *Star*'s demise. But the purchase also effectively cut off the possibility of a new afternoon paper published by anyone other than the Post. There is simply not the existing press availability to print such a paper, and the capital investment to buy new presses, considering the generally dim prospects for afternoon papers, is just too forbidding....

Remember how clever criminals once wore gloves or carefully erased their fingerprints before leaving the scene of a crime? These precautions are no longer necessary. You can leave prints all over the place and still have two months to escape to Rio or some other haven and commit a few more burglaries before you leave. The reason is it's now taking the FBI that long to process requests for fingerprint checks....

The Reagan administration has extorted $10,000 from William Colby by threatening him with prosecution because his French publisher had distributed copies of his book containing certain "sensitive passages" that were deleted at the CIA's request in the American edition. It was this magazine that first pointed out the differences ["Le Couvert Blown," by Joseph Nocera, November 1980] between the French and American editions. Our point was that the agency's cuts—the so-called sensitive passages—concerned insignificant matters and proved how idiotic the CIA's censorship was. The fine is a shameful reversion to Nixonism....

Another shameful story about this administration is what its budget cuts are doing to the working poor. If the Reaganites really believe their own rhetoric, this would be the group that they would most want to help—after all, the working poor aren't loafing, they're working. But the administration's budget cuts have affected them more harshly than any other welfare recipients. It is a result of the combined effects of cuts in welfare, food stamps, and Medicaid and may have originally been accidental. But by early last April, my sources tell me, everyone at OMB knew what the effect would be, and indeed there is a paragraph in William Greider's *Atlantic* article that indicates Stockman knew. Yet nothing was done. Why didn't they speak up and say, "We're hurting the very people we believe we should be helping, we've got to admit we made a mistake and change the program"? I think it's because there are a lot of true cynics in the White House. Remember when the administration was willing to surrender its opposition to the scandalous sugar price-support program in return for votes on its budget package? Stockman told Greider, "In economic principle it's kind of a rotten idea. They don't care over at the White House. They want to win."...

Michael Deaver of the Triumvirate has announced that he just can't make ends meet on his salary of $60,000 a year and that he will leave the government at the end of the year. This confirms both the degree of his dedication to public service and his availability to potential clients when he resumes his public relations business. I hope investigative reporters will keep careful track of the offers he receives from potential clients or employers and the treatment the offerers receive from the various agencies of the U.S. government.

Deaver's old PR firm has certainly prospered. Now headed by his former partner, Peter D. Hannaford, it represents such organizations as TWA, GM, Merrill Lynch, the Air Line Pilots Association, the Letter Carriers Union, and National Public Radio. Is it possible that the interest of these firms might have been stimulated by the fact that in the five years before the 1980 campaign, Ronald Reagan had an office at the Los Angeles headquarters of Deaver and Hannaford and that almost all of his PR was handled by the firm?

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I have no idea of the propriety of the relationship between Deaver, Hannaford, and Reagan. But a classic pattern in American public life is that those who stay on the outside making a lot of money find ways to "take care of" the powerful and influential on the inside who've made such a financial "sacrifice."

One illustration of the pattern was provided by Richard Allen. Allen's acceptance of $1,000 and two gold watches was a mere trifle compared to some of his previous dealings, which were reported in 1980 by both Jeffrey Klein of *Mother Jones* and Jonathan Kwitney of *The Wall Street Journal* but unfortunately missed by most other reporters. For example, while serving on a special government trade commission, Allen advised Datsun executives to hire a consultant to lobby the commission against adopting new trade restrictions. Allen recommended his old consulting partner—and later asked for half of the partner's $100,000-plus compensation as a "finder's fee."

The Reagan administration is giving us another appointee in the great tradition of Allen, Raymond Donovan, and William J. ("not unfit") Casey. He is Maurice Stans, who has been nominated to be director of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation. Stans, you will recall, served as finance chairman of the Committee to Reelect the President and raised a record $62 million for the 1972 campaign. Unfortunately, the way he raised and disbursed the money led to his indictment by two grand juries. On March 12, 1975, he pleaded guilty to three counts of violating the Federal Election Campaign Act and two counts of accepting illegal campaign contributions. . . .

Remember all the talk about a capital shortage in American business? That's why we needed tax laws to encourage investments. Well, during the third quarter of 1981 companies paid out dividends at a record level. Why couldn't part of this money have been retained by the companies and used to provide that capital they were claiming they so desperately needed? . . .

One reason is that American corporate executives are judged, by others and by themselves, far too much on short-term standards, including the obligation to increase quarterly dividends. But the country needs new plants and new jobs much more than it needs dividends. Some people argue that those who receive dividends will reinvest them in productive enterprises. But in fact much of that dividend income is going into money market funds and other nonproductive investment. A similar fate is likely for the money that investors receive when they sell their stock to a company in the acquisition business. Indeed, the modern merger mania is a terrible thing for the economy because capital is used to buy existing plants, not to create new plants and new jobs. Even investment in common stock is usually in existing issues. It does not, in Robert Reich's memorable formulation (see *The Washington Monthly*, September 1980), enlarge the economic pie; it merely rearranges the slices.

Reich's idea needs to be taken out of the realm of polite discussion and put into action now. In case you haven't noticed, the country is in an economic pickle, and we had better do something fast if we don't want to replay the early thirties. What I urge is that tax reduction be continued only to the extent the taxpayer invests his potential savings in new enterprises and in new goods—a new stock issue, a new home, a new car—with no tax breaks of any kind that do not encourage new production and enlarge the pie.

In connection with consumer spending, don't worry about the old monetarist phobia of too much money chasing too few goods. That hasn't been a significant cause of inflation for a long time—OPEC's cartel pricing was the principal villain in the inflation of the 1970s—and is little danger now. Indeed, the problem of American industry is just the opposite—its new products are being chased not by too much money but too little. . . .

A bit of good news. The House defeated a resolution backed by Tip O'Neill that would have raised the amount congressmen can earn from outside speaking engagements from 15 to 40 percent of their congressional salaries. These speaking engagements are usually before organizations having a special interest in legislation, and the "honoraria" paid to the speakers, often accompanied by free trips to exotic resorts, constitute nothing more than a polite form of bribery.

Free trips have of course become a standard expectation of public officials. In my home state of West Virginia, for example, the travel budget is $6 million. The amount of $305,510 is budgeted just to pay dues to all those associations that have the nice conventions to which so many of the trips are made. These sums are state funds. But many state officials find ways to tap the federal till for their trips. The adjutant general of the West Virginia National Guard uses a 90-passenger C-130 for his trips. The plane costs $3,000 an hour to operate. But "it doesn't cost West Virginia a dime," says Robert Childers, the adjutant general. The flights that help Childers and his wife travel to such key defense installations as Las Vegas are classified as training missions and funded by the Defense Department. The travel expectation has now penetrated even to the municipal employee level, with California leading the way. The mayor of San Diego has a travel and entertainment budget of $620,000. But that's modest compared to the $1.8 million commanded by the mayor of San Francisco. The Chicago

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Metropolitan Sanitary District had a travel, meals, and lodging budget in 1981 of $133,500 and a chauffeur-driven limousine for the board president. There is one respect in which local employees may be outdistancing their federal counterparts. The feds, when they are at their home office and not traveling, have to pay for their own meals. But when the Santa Clara, California, County commissioners meet, they dine at places with names like Gervais, Emile's, and Paolo's at up to $50 per person in food and drink....

Another local government note: You may recall our article last month pointing out that the state governments are now "50 miniature Washingtons," duplicating the Washington bureaucracy right down to the very names of departments and bureaus. Now *The Washington Post* reports another aspect of the trend. The explosive growth of private sector lobbying that had almost every national company establishing a Washington office during the last decade is now abating, and guess where the action is: "Firms that are already in Washington," notes the *Post*, are now replicating that model on the state level."...

Speaking of lobbyists, George Washington University has started something called the Washington Representative Program, designed to professionalize lobbying. The companies that employ these graduates had better watch out, for the relentless American drive to professionalize everyone from hairdressers to toe doctors inevitably results in "standards" that mean higher pay and less competition for the members of the newly sanctified group. I must say, however, that I do find myself curious about the curriculum—Lunch 202?...

Charles Z. Wick has appointed a New Direction Advisory Committee to help the International Communications Agency "identify worldwide intellectual trends" and evaluate private research on "long-term intellectual currents in the world." What has happened to the Republican party? This is the kind of thing they used to foam at the mouth about and attribute to the continuing plot of Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, and company to contaminate America with subversive ideas from abroad....

Speaking of foreigners, I do want to say a word in behalf of the Bulgarians. Marvine Howe of *The New York Times* recently reported from Sofia that "the government-controlled press often denounces abuses of the system," but, the author added darkly, "not the system itself." Is the implied contrast with the American press? If so, do you recall many articles in the American press denouncing our "system"? Indeed, when Howe goes on to recite what the Bulgarian press does cover—"cases of misappropriations of public property, ineffective organization of labor in the building industry, a lack of financial control in some state enterprises, and corruption in some agricultural and industrial concerns"—it doesn't sound all that different from the way the American press covers business and government—getting the scandal but failing to see the flaws in the system....

In return for asking you to read three articles on religion in this issue, I owe you some explanation of my own beliefs. As a child, I went to Sunday school every week, and my faith was conventionally Christian, except that as the son of two devout Democrats, I saw God as FDR. That faith died when FDR died. The last time I recall turning to the Bible as a believer was on the day of his death, April 12, 1945. I was in the infantry at Fort McClellan, Alabama, and we had just returned from one of those 20-mile hikes designed by the army to leave you numb to fear or any other emotion. But when the captain mounted the steps to his hut and announced that the president was dead, I was shattered. I rushed into the hut I shared with other members of my platoon and got my New Testament from the locker under my bunk. I desperately wanted to be alone, and that wasn't easy at Fort McClellan. I found a spot in the coal shed next to the latrine and tried to read the Scriptures, but my eyes were filled with tears and I couldn't see.

There were a lot of people like me for whom the struggles, first against the Depression, then against Hitler, endowed life with structure and meaning, a structure and meaning that disappeared for many of us in the second half of the forties, a disappearance that for me explains the absence of idealism in America during the 1950s.

In many ways I was lost during much of that period, but gradually I began to build a new faith, one in which the love and courage and indifference to wealth of Jesus and Saint Francis were central but no more so than the humor and delight in life I found in the character of FDR and in the books that became most important for me, *Don Quixote* and *Huckleberry Finn*, and that is expressed in the great prayer "O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song."

I believe in a last judgment as an everyday experience. I think somewhere in the minds of most of us there are signals that tell us when we are doing right and when we are doing wrong. The religious revival I seek is one in which we all open ourselves to those signals, searching our souls for whatever keeps us from hearing them, always striving for the ideal, knowing we will fall on our faces a lot of the time, not hating ourselves for failing and not hating others for their failures, accepting the inevitability of imperfection with love and laughter and the determination to pick ourselves up, dust ourselves off, and try again....

—*Charles Peters*

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HOW THE DEMOCRATS GAVE US REAGAN

The Ten Key Moments of the 1980 Campaign

by John F. Stacks, Jack Germond, and Jules Witcover

If you have begun to suspect that Ronald Reagan is not an unmixed blessing for the Republic, you may want to think back to how we elected him in the first place. Part of the story is the charm of Reagan, part the skill of his strategists from the New Hampshire primary on, and part the ineptitude of his opponents for the Republican nomination. But we think the real key to his success lies in the mistakes, miscalculations, and outright blunders committed by Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy that made it all so easy. We see ten key events in the development of this sad tale, and they are recounted here with selections from John F. Stacks's Watershed *(reprinted with permission of Times Books) and Jack Germond and Jules Witcover's* Blue Smoke and Mirrors *(reprinted with permission of Viking Press).*

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I. Malaise and Massacre

On July 15, 1979, Jimmy Carter addressed the nation on television. The President, at that moment, was in a situation similar to that faced by Richard Nixon when he gave his famous "Checkers" speech, invoking his dog and his wife's cloth coats to save himself a place on the Republican ticket in 1952 after it was discovered that he controlled a political slush fund.

But while Nixon had fought for his office by announcing his innocence, Carter fought for his place in history by confessing his failures. Before millions of his compatriots, he read aloud the criticisms he had accepted during his 11-day retreat to Camp David:

"This from a southern governor: 'Mr. President, you are not leading this nation—you're just managing the government.'

" 'You don't see the people enough any more.'

" 'Don't talk to us about politics or the mechanics of government, but about an understanding of our common good.'

" 'If you lead, Mr. President, we will follow.' "

And referring to his very first energy speech, in which he had overblown his rhetoric by calling his program "the moral equivalent of war," someone told Carter, "When we enter the moral equivalent of war, Mr. President, don't issue us BB guns."

It is not common for American politicians to admit even that they have been wrong on specific policies or issues; it was unprecedented for one to admit he had totally failed in the presidency itself. But Carter, operating in the wake of the Johnson-Nixon era, had tried to substitute humility for their arrogance. It had won him the office but had not helped him govern.

As a political device the speech was a modest success, at least temporarily. Public opinion surveys taken a few days after the performance showed as much as a nine-point rise in Carter's meager popularity, although the increase likely derived mostly from the fact that Carter had finally said something, anything at all, about his political troubles.

That improvement was quickly dissipated when the President, two days later, asked for the written resignations of his entire Cabinet and White House staff. The Cabinet balked at the request, arguing that it was too reminiscent of Nixon's mass shakeup in 1972. But Carter went ahead and fired several of his Cabinet secretaries. HEW chief Joseph Califano was first to go, since

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he had long irritated the President's closest White House aides, Hamilton Jordan, for one. Treasury secretary Michael Blumenthal was also fired. Energy secretary James Schlesinger and transportation secretary Brock Adams quit as the axes began to swing. Griffin Bell, who was an old associate of Carter's from Georgia, used the opportunity to execute a planned escape from his job as attorney general. Having touched something of a nerve in the American psyche with the "crisis of confidence" theme, Carter destroyed any struggling new confidence in his own leadership by this wholesale scrambling of his top echelon of advisers.

—*Stacks*

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II. It's . . . Ah . . . Er . . . It's . . .

On November 4, 1979, three days before Senator Edward Kennedy's formal announcement for the Democratic nomination, CBS news televised a special report on Kennedy written and narrated by the network's Capitol Hill correspondent, Roger Mudd. The program was rushed on the air before the expected announcement to avoid federal equal time rules that would have required the network to cover other candidates just as extensively as they were showing Kennedy.

The show that Mudd put together was, in a word, devastating. Next to all the wonderful shots of Ted Kennedy booming out a speech in Boston, of him with matriarch Rose Kennedy and all the kids, there was also Ted Kennedy

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PHOTO COURTESY CBS NEWS

The effect of Kennedy's November 4, 1979, interview with Roger Mudd was to shatter the conventional wisdom that his candidacy would be invincible.

trying once again to explain Chappaquiddick. Only this time, incredibly enough, he was even less at ease, less assured, than he had been a decade earlier.

But the Chappaquiddick discussion was not the only damage he sustained during the one-hour show.

"What is the present state of your marriage, Senator?" Mudd asked at one point in the interview.

"Well, I think that it's a . . . it's had some difficult times," Kennedy stammered, "but I think we have . . . we, I think, have been able to make some very good progress and it's . . . I would say that it's . . . it's . . . it's delightful that we're able to . . . to share the time and the relationship that we . . . that we do share."

To end the show, Mudd asked what should have been a great, big, slow-pitch softball question: "Why do you want to be president?" If a presidential politician cannot club this question into the second deck in center field, he should change sports. Kennedy had this to say:

"Well, I'm . . . were I to make the announcement and to run, the reasons that I would run is because I have a great belief in this country, that it is . . . there's more natural resources than any nation of the world; there's the greatest educated population in the world; greatest technology of

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any country in the world, and the greatest political system in the world. And yet I see at the current time that most of the industrial nations of the world are exceeding us in terms of productivity, are doing better than us in terms of meeting the problem of inflation; that they're dealing with their problems of energy and their problems of unemployment. It just seems to me that this nation can cope and deal with its problems in a way that it has in the past. We're facing complex issues and in this nation at this time but we have faced similar challenges at other times. And the energies and the resourcefulness of this nation, I think, should be focused on these problems in a way that brings a sense of restoration in this country by its people to . . . in dealing with the problems that we face. Primarily the issues of the economy, the problems of inflation, and the problems of energy. And, I would basically feel that . . . that it's imperative for this country to either move forward; that it can't stand still or otherwise it moves backward."

"What would you do different from Carter?" Mudd asked.

"Well, in which particular areas?" answered Kennedy.

"Well, just take the . . . the, the question of leadership."

"Well," said Kennedy, "it's, um, you know, you have to come to grips with the different issues that, ah . . . that, ah, we're facing. I mean we have . . . we have to deal with each of the various questions that we're talking about whether it's a question of the economy, whether it's in the area of energy."

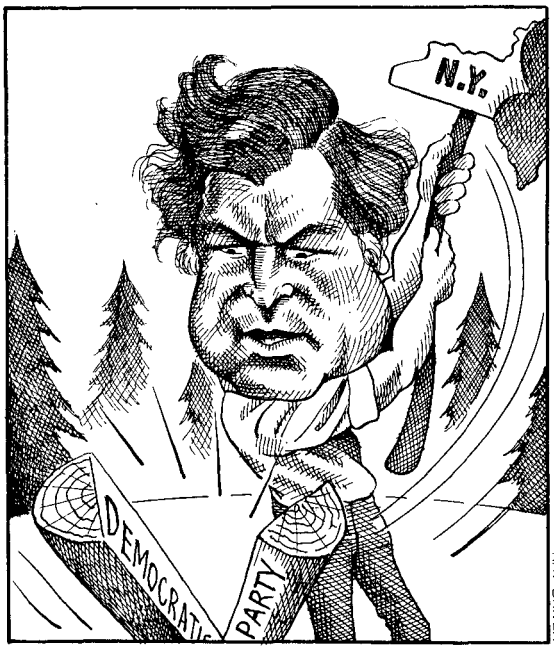
It was not a particularly large television audience that saw this rambling, babbling performance by the most popular politician in America. Other network shows appearing at the same time—including the movie *Jaws*—swamped the Mudd show in the ratings. (Polls later showed a 15 percent audience share for the interview.) Yet the effect was widespread, largely because the political reporters and editors who had seen it were stunned by how ineffective Kennedy had been. The mythology about Ted Kennedy—that he was a direct political descendant of the smooth and powerful and articulate brothers who came before—was beginning to shatter.

—*Stacks*

III. New York: Prolonging the Agony

Carter's easy victory in Illinois made the March 25 New York primary the last chance Kennedy had to stop Carter's campaign steamroller. Well before this juncture, in fact, some Democrats were calling on Kennedy to quit before the damage to the party's chances in November was irreparable.

"Had he lost New York, he would have had to get out," political aide Paul Kirk acknowledged. That looked likely; one poll had Kennedy 27 percentage points behind with only a few days to go, in spite of the fact that before Jewish audiences he had been hitting Carter hard about the United Nations vote. (After voting for a U.N. resolution criticizing Israel for its settlements in occupied Arab territories, the U.S. two days later reversed itself.) Speechwriters Carey Parker and Bob Shrum, preparing for the worst, wrote a withdrawal statement for Kennedy—a brief concession with congratulations to Carter and a call for a Democratic victory in November. "But he didn't even look at the thing," one aide said.



RAY DRIVER

Later, at least one member of Carter's political circle argued that if it hadn't been for the "mistaken" U.N. vote, Carter would have won the primary, Kennedy would have been forced to quit the race, Anderson would not have run as an independent, and in the fall the President would have carried New York and been reelected. That, of course, was a barrelful of ifs, but the primary was significant nonetheless. Not only was Carter hurt among Jewish voters in New York, this insider said, but the last-minute intensive wooing of that bloc alienated others in the state. "I can remember spending so much time doing spots with [New York City Mayor Edward] Koch and

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on the U.N. thing," he said, "and trying to get the Jews back, and getting calls from Dan Horgan [a campaign aide upstate], who was picking up New York City television in Buffalo and saying, 'What are you doing for my people?' We spent so much time bringing back the Jews that we also neglected going after the Catholics and the rest of the vote. And the flip-flop on the vote hurt us because the big thing Carter still had was honesty and being a good man."

Kennedy not only upset Carter in New York and Connecticut as well, but his New York margin was a virtual rout over an incumbent on a winning streak—about 16 percent. As a result of the Democratic party's proportional allocation of delegates, Carter won nearly half of New York's and Connecticut's national convention delegates and was still in a commanding position for the nomination. But now for the first time the foreign crises were not enough to carry the day for a president who declined to campaign. Carter was not yet ready to abandon the Rose Garden strategy—indeed, he seemed to be locked into it by his commitment not to campaign until the hostages were freed. Also, one insider said later, after the loss in New York, "it would have looked so desperate to come out." So, although Carter's state coordinators around the country, and field director Tim Kraft, were clamoring for an end to the Rose Garden strategy, still the President clung to it.

"New York really shook everybody up quite a bit," a Carter campaign strategist said later, "because there was that concern that all those people who said, 'If they ever cut the guy [Carter], he'd bleed to death,' might be right. Carter could become the issue, and we felt that whoever became the issue would lose."

—Germond and Witcover

IV. Wisconsin: The Seeds of Cynicism

The Wisconsin primary was considered critical because it was going to be a test of whether or not the New York vote had been an aberration, a "Metroliner phenomenon," as the Carter people referred to an Eastern seaboard aversion to Carter.

Wisconsin also was the site of one more dramatic, political exploitation by Carter of the hostage crisis. During recent weeks, a U.N. commission had been negotiating with the Iranians, and the administration was hopeful that a breakthrough might at last be at hand. Carter had been considering the imposition of economic sanctions against Iran but had agreed to hold off.

In the early morning hours of April 1—"April Fool's Day"—most of the nation was asleep, including the voters of Wisconsin and Kansas, whose primary polls were to open in several hours. At about 4 a.m., the President and his principal foreign policy and political aides met in the Oval Office. News had just come from Tehran, in press secretary Jody Powell's words, "that it [transferring the American hostages to the government] was going to happen, that Iranian president Bani-Sadr was going to meet with these people [the Iranian Revolutionary Council] and they had a majority. And that once they voted he was going to make a public statement to that effect."

As matters turned out, there was no transfer at all. But Carter did not wait for the apparent good news to be confirmed, or give it time to turn sour. After three hours of digesting all the information at hand and satisfying himself that Bani-Sadr had said what the White House had been told privately he would say, Carter simply called a press conference.

The unusual hour—it was 7:13 a.m. when he began—itself signaled some major announcement and guaranteed live, nationwide television network coverage on the morning news programs. Standing behind his desk in the Oval Office, Carter proclaimed that Bani-Sadr's statement constituted a "positive step" that removed the necessity for imposing economic sanctions against Iran. In response to questions the President acknowledged that "we have no assurance that this will be done except that the president of Iran has announced that it will be done." It certainly sounded like very good news, particularly because the word came directly from the President, from the Oval Office, and at that unusual hour. Americans across the Eastern and Central time zones were just getting up, having their coffee, and watching the morning television news shows, and many in Wisconsin and Kansas got dressed and went out to vote in their primaries. An overwhelming majority of those who voted Democratic voted for Jimmy Carter over Edward Kennedy and Jerry Brown.

Jody Powell later denied there had been any politics in the timing of the press conference. It was, he said, simply that Carter was up and about, and the news was at hand, so why wait? "It

Suspicions that Carter was playing politics with the hostages on the morning of the Wisconsin primary undermined the sense of trust that was his strongest asset. It would be another ten months before the hostages were finally released.

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just seemed like the natural thing to do," he said. "This whole three months we were building toward that morning. We had this stuff directly and indirectly from the Iranians. Their meeting was supposed to take place, the statement was supposed to be made about midnight our time. We didn't come down here at four o'clock in the morning because it was the day before the primary. We came at four o'clock in the morning because Bani-Sadr met with the Revolutionary Council."

Regardless of the real motives of the White House, what came to be known in political circles as the "Wisconsin primary press conference" was to haunt Carter for the rest of the election year. Kirk argued later that the episode "sowed the seeds of cynicism" that blossomed on the final weekend of the fall campaign with the suspicion that Carter had also somehow manipulated the "October surprise" feared and rumored by the Reaganites.

Carter strategists agreed. They acknowledged later that the memory of the skepticism bred by the "Wisconsin primary press conference" caused them to pause in timing Carter's televised remarks on the hostage situation on the Sunday night before the election.

—Germond and Witcover

V. The Rose Garden Reversal

Some of the President's aides had been convinced since the Maine caucuses that the Rose Garden strategy would not hold up indefinitely. Greg Schneiders, the former White House aide who joined Gerald Rafshoon's advertising and consulting firm before the campaign, revealed later that radio and television ads had been prepared to cope with criticism of Carter's not campaigning. "We did some spots for Maine and New Hampshire with the President saying himself, on tape and also on camera, that he was sorry he wasn't able to campaign, which we hoped would mitigate the negative impact of not being up there," Schneiders said. "Each state that he didn't campaign in, it seemed that more and more people became convinced that we were being hurt, until it finally got to the point that there really weren't any dissenters."

Powell and other Carter aides recognized that the President's reputation for integrity was his greatest political strength, and that Kennedy could undermine it, as he was striving mightily to do, by labeling as phony Carter's contention that he was too occupied with foreign policy crises to campaign. The question was how to end the Rose

Garden strategy with the minimum damage to the credibility of a president who had vowed he would not campaign until the hostages were released. A press conference was scheduled four days after the aborted hostage rescue mission. Powell and others in the White House assumed that a question would be asked about campaigning, and they prepared the President for it.

"I frankly recommended," Powell said later, "that he simply say, 'I have decided that the situation permits me to conduct a limited campaign schedule, and I'll intend to do that as long as that remains the case.'" Not to leave the matter to chance, one of the President's political strategists sought out a kindly member of the press with the idea of planting the question. But by the time the aide walked into the room, the reporter was already seated with a group of other reporters. No one asked the question.

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The very next day Charles Manatt, then finance chairman for the Democratic National Committee, with some advance information from the White House staff on what the answer would be, did ask whether Carter would start campaigning. Carter didn't hesitate. "Yes," he said, as applause broke out in the East Room among the "community leaders" visiting that day.

The raid, though aborted, was behind him; American allies were supporting political and economic sanctions against Iran; American sanctions against the Russians for the Afghanistan invasion were in place; and support was building for his economic and energy proposals at home. "None of these challenges are completely removed," he said, going beyond what had been planned for him to say, "but I believe they are manageable enough now for me to leave the White House for a limited travel schedule, including some campaigning if I choose to do so, in order to explain to the American people how these things can be brought to a successful conclusion." This, remember, was only five days after the failed raid that already had resulted in a reported dispersal of the hostages to various other locales in Iran, thereby making any mass rescue much more difficult.

Kennedy, campaigning in Indiana, was quick to respond. "Is an inflation rate of 18 percent 'manageable' for the American people?" he asked. "Are our interest rates of 18 percent 'manageable' for young people who would like to buy a home?" Now that Carter finally was coming out, Kennedy lost no time renewing his challenge for the President to debate "any place in this country, any time in this country." But Carter just as quickly declined. Resuming campaigning on a limited basis meant just that—a few token appearances somewhere.

The phrase "manageable enough" was not, of course, in the script, and Powell later acknowledged that "it was certainly an unfortunate way to put it." Carter had said what he was supposed to say, all right. The trouble was he went on and added a phrase—another example of his penchant for always trying to put the best face on things.

—Germond and Witcover

VI. 'Hubert Horatio Hornblower'

"For me, a few hours ago, this campaign came to an end. For all those whose cares have been our concern, the work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die."

From a trailer parked in the concrete corridor behind the convention floor, the Carter high command watched and heard the delegates go wild as Ted Kennedy finished his speech. In charge, along with Hamilton Jordan, was Robert Strauss, one of the great Texas bullshitters in national politics, a man who had served as Democratic National Committee chairman during Carter's 1976 campaign. Then he had little but disdain for the Georgians, but his ability and savvy soon led Carter to recruit him, first for a variety of jobs in the administration, and then to be the front man and fund raiser for the campaign. The pair were managing the floor fight over the party

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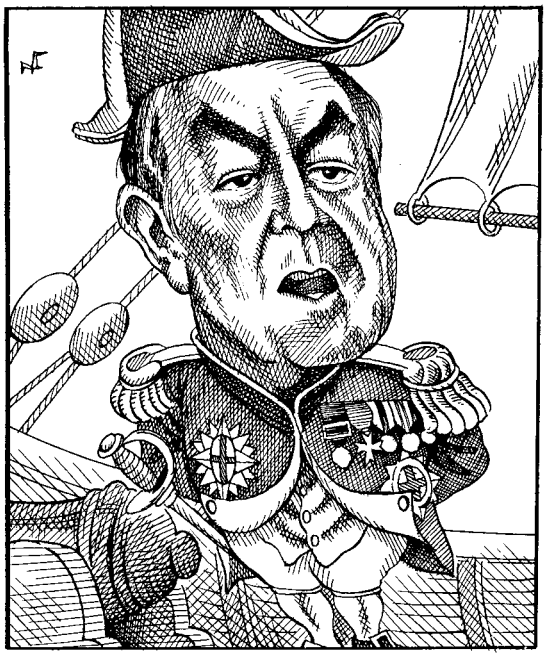

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platform in which Kennedy was insisting on planks calling for wage and price controls, a $12 billion job program and a declaration that unemployment was a higher priority for federal action than inflation.

The President, in touch with his lieutenants by phone from Camp David, where he was preparing his acceptance speech, was resisting all three because they were directly counter to his economic program. But when the convention spun into delirium following Kennedy's speech, Strauss and Jordan finally accepted a proffered deal from the Kennedy forces. Kennedy would concede on wage and price controls in return for the other two planks. Convention chairman Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, was given the word. Even as the delegates stomped and shouted in continued approval of Kennedy's speech, Tip O'Neill gaveled through the two planks on jobs and unemployment, and gaveled down the wage and price controls plank, all by announcing the results of voice votes that bore little relationship to his ruling. The reformed, more "democratic" convention had, *in extremis,* reverted to its oldest form.

Throughout the week Carter's closest aides had been predicting a speech filled with "vision," which would finally supply the sense of direction his administration had lacked and at which his nearly nonexistent campaign had never hinted. It was a tough order, not just because Jimmy Carter, in three and a half years as president, had failed to communicate such a vision, but also because Reagan, the month before, had done so well at just that task. In a sense Reagan had stolen Carter's theme, at least the theme that Carter had played so well in 1976, and that was to pledge to clean up Washington and to make the government work better. In Reagan's case that pledge was also to make the government work less. But Carter had the unenviable problem of not being able to run against his own administration, which stripped him of the rhetoric of resentment and reform that had been so powerful in his own first campaign. The problem for Carter was made worse by the stirring Kennedy speech. Kennedy had said his piece superbly. Carter had a tough act to follow.

When he finally took the podium Carter was disappointing. He simply lacked Kennedy's rhetorical gift (although Carter could be dynamic in smaller groups, answering questions and thinking on his feet, just the opposite of Kennedy's weak performance in that sort of forum). Carter's voice was reedy, unsure, tense. He understood the importance of the moment, but the tension seemed to have grabbed him by the throat.

What will be remembered most about that speech in New York was a slip of the tongue that occurred only moments into Carter's presentation. It was the kind of mistake any politician could make, but it seemed so symptomatic of Carter's entire political problem that when he committed the error the entire convention was for an instant shocked with embarrassment.

Carter was working his way through the pantheon of great Democrats: Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson. "And [we're] the party of a great man," Carter continued, "who should have been president and would have been one of the greatest presidents in history—Hubert Horatio Hornblower . . . er . . . Humphrey."

Hubert Humphrey: the greatest liberal figure in the party since the 1948 convention, Mondale's mentor, the party's nominee in 1968, for a time a devil in the eyes of the antiwar left for his support of Johnson's policies. But finally, as he aged and edged toward death, honored and revered. That Carter would stumble over that name reminded the convention that Carter had come from nowhere in the party to be its nominee in 1976. It reminded that he had come to Washington loathing and ignoring the Democratic majority in the Congress. It reminded that he had been trying to edge the party away from the programs and the ideas Humphrey stood for. It reminded that Jimmy Carter was little more than an interloper in the post-World War II history of the Democratic party. —*Stacks*

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Kennedy finally went up on the podium with Carter at the end of the convention, but the unhealed wounds in the Democratic party were painfully clear.

VII. The Unraised Hand

When Carter concluded his speech, a predictable demonstration erupted before him on the floor of New York's Madison Square Garden. The band played "Happy Days Are Here Again" and the delegates cheered and waved their green-and-white Carter-Mondale signs. The floor was even hotter and more crowded than it had been all week. The crush had been deliberately increased by the distribution by Carter's managers of extra floor passes, to assure the appearance for the television cameras of an enthusiastic response to the nominee as the convention reached its climax and its close.

After seven or eight minutes the demonstration seemed to be losing steam, but a signal was sent from the podium to the band to keep playing. And when, a few minutes later, the cheering once again died away, Bob Strauss started summoning prominent Democrats—governors, mayors, members of Congress, party officials—to the platform for a bow. Soon it was packed with people embracing, shaking hands, waving to their less fortunate friends in the crowd.

The convention was over, and all that remained to be done officially was for Chairman O'Neill to bang his big gavel and declare the convention adjourned. But there was one more bit of unofficial business to be transacted—the traditional embrace of victor and vanquished, Jimmy Carter and Ted Kennedy, to symbolize the unity of the party entering the general election campaign. But where was Ted Kennedy?

As the wait lengthened—15 minutes, then 20—the party officials on the platform grew anxious. Where the hell was he? How long could Strauss keep finding people to introduce? In the press galleries, the reporters speculated among themselves about just how long Kennedy intended to keep the Leader of the Free World in limbo.

Kennedy had left his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria just after Carter finished his speech, thinking he had plenty of time to get to the convention. The demonstration would surely run at least 30 minutes, as the one for Kennedy himself had two nights earlier. But as his car made the trip of 22 blocks, he learned there was an incident in the making. "We were going down in the car," Paul Kirk recalled later, "and we heard a woman reporter on the radio say Kennedy was keeping Carter waiting. Kennedy was angry."

When Kennedy did arrive, after what had seemed an excruciatingly awkward delay, he pointedly avoided giving Carter the satisfaction of that traditional closing-night tableau—the winning candidate and his rival standing to-

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gether, their hands clasped and raised to demonstrate their shared commitment to a unified campaign against the common Republican enemy, Ronald Reagan.

On the contrary, Kennedy seemed to go to conspicuous lengths to avoid it. When he came out onto the platform, setting off a new wave of cheers on the floor, he shook hands with Carter in an almost perfunctory way, waved to the delegates briefly, and then walked around the stage for a few minutes—it seemed endless on television—while Carter and party officials pursued him in an obvious quest for something more demonstrative. The President, an intimate said later, "looked like a puppy dog" trotting after Kennedy.

The closing tableau is one of the rituals of American politics. And, like most of those rituals, it is one that becomes important only if someone chooses, quite deliberately as Ted Kennedy did, not to play the part expected of him. To those inside politics, the incident spoke volumes.

To the men and women on the platform, it was not quite apparent at the moment just how clearly the picture had been projected—of a president, ostensibly the leading actor in this mock-drama, playing the supplicant, and an unsuccessful one at that. Fritz Mondale, for example, was startled when reporters stopped him as he left the hall to ask what he thought of "the insult" Kennedy had delivered. But none of them mistook the implications of the scene as it appeared on the television screens. "It looked like hell," a reporter suggested later to Strauss. "It looked worse than hell," Strauss replied. At the very moment when Jimmy Carter should have been most in control of the situation, he seemed instead to fit the picture the country had developed of him over the previous three and a half years—somehow smaller than life.

—Germond and Witcover

VIII. The Mean Machine

Throughout the spring and summer, the Carter camp had struggled to find a theme for the fall campaign. Some argued for a campaign based on the administration's record. Others, like pollster Pat Caddell, argued that was too defensive. Besides, it was impossible to correct what the Carter forces felt were public misapprehensions about their record in the few weeks left in the campaign. Instead, the aim of the Carter campaign became precisely what Caddell had suggested: scare the hell out of the American people about Ronald Reagan. Historically, negative campaigning soon winds up being called mudslinging, and the perpetrator loses out in public esteem. But with a public predisposed to distrust all politicians anyway, Caddell felt there was little risk:

Jimmy Carter was never as high-minded as he wanted the nation to think. Under all the moralism and religiosity, Carter was, like most politicians, a tough, ambitious, and determined man. His campaigns in Georgia had frequently been marked by personal and unfair attacks on his opponents. Winning was not just a chance to serve the public; it was also for Carter self-affirmation and ego support. It was vindication and proof of virtue. To attack Ronald Reagan, then, was an easy thing for Jimmy Carter. It flowed naturally out of his sense of his own goodness. It came as second nature to a man who thought he was doing the best that could be done.

In mid-September, the road show moved to Atlanta, Carter's home turf, for a speech to southern black political leaders at the Ebenezer Baptist Church, the home church of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., one of Carter's most powerful supporters in 1976. It was an important and emotional occasion for Jimmy Carter. For the black leaders too it was an important event. The black community in the South had been instrumental in sending Carter to Washington, allowing him to build an electoral base in his home region that would have been impossible without its support.

There can be no doubt that Carter felt close to those black leaders in Atlanta. He cared about their problems and their causes, about their people and their needs. He had appointed more blacks and minorities to federal office than all the presidents before him. His claim on them was legitimate. But he went just slightly beyond that claim. He tried to scare them about the prospect of Ronald Reagan:

"You've seen in this campaign the stirrings of hate and the rebirth of code words like 'states's rights' in a speech in Mississippi, in a campaign reference to the Ku Klux Klan relating to the South. That is a message that creates a cloud on the political horizon. Hatred has no place in this country. Racism has no place in this country."

The implication was, obviously, that Reagan's presidency would see a return of those evils in race relations. That Reagan was not popular with blacks was no secret; nor was it a secret that Reagan's idea of federal austerity would threaten much of the special help blacks had received in recent years, both economic and legal help through federal job programs, welfare payments, food stamps, affirmative action, busing, and the

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like. But the notion that Reagan himself would condone racism and hate was out of bounds. Shortly after the speech, press secretary Jody Powell circulated among the press corps, trying to soften Carter's words, saying Carter had not meant Reagan himself was a racist, only that there were legitimate interests that minority groups had in retaining Carter as president.

So it went through September and early October. Carter attacked; Jody Powell clarified. In other speeches Carter suggested Reagan's foreign policy proclivities amounted to warmongering. He said Reagan would divide the nation along racial, religious, and regional lines. He pounded away at Reagan.

The press that covered Carter did not much like him and he returned the sentiment. They found him brittle and suspicious and unpredictable, all behind a facade of smiles and warmth and earnest goals grandly enunciated. The tough campaign against Reagan confirmed those feelings and soon the dominant theme in the presidential campaign of 1980 was the "mean Jimmy" issue. Editorial pages were filled with charges that Carter had always been a meanspirited little man and that his campaign was unworthy of a president of the United States. More important, however, was the fact that by allowing himself the luxury of simply blasting away at Reagan, Carter forfeited the opportunity to justify his own claim to another term. Carter undermined the public perception that he was honest and decent and well-intentioned. More damaging still was the fact that his attacks made him, not Reagan, the leading issue of the campaign for five crucial weeks. He attempted to make Reagan the issue, but contrary to Caddell's August prediction, the tactic backfired.

No one in the Carter organization was more frustrated by this than Vice President Walter Mondale, a direct descendant of the politics of joy practiced by Hubert Humphrey. "I don't like feeling dirty," Mondale confided in the midst of the Carter mean streak. "And I don't mind losing fair and square. But I hate to lose for stupid reasons."

Finally, in an interview on ABC television on October 8, Carter publicly acknowledged that he had been "carried away on a couple of occasions" and that his attacks on Reagan were "probably ill-advised." Thereafter, Carter was more subdued. But he had lost valuable time and suffered serious political damage. His supporters from 1976 were fed up and disappointed. He had given them little reason to vote for him again.

—*Stacks*

IX. 'There You Go Again, Amy'

Ronald Reagan sensed that his bid for the presidency, after having run in high gear for so many months, now seemed to be winding down. Early in the morning of October 15, Reagan was riding in a limousine headed toward the airport in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, with Lyn Nofziger, his press secretary. Suddenly he turned to Nofziger and said, "I think it's about time we consider a debate."

The decision was the right one. Observers in the auditorium in Cleveland, Ohio, the night of October 28 saw Carter's stiffness as soon as he walked onto the stage, before the television cameras were on. He arrived first and stood at his stage-right podium. When Reagan strolled on, he walked over and extended his hand to the President, who seemed startled at the gesture. The first question went to Reagan, which on a coin toss was the President's choice—in the belief, aides said later, that Reagan might be nervous. And he was, somewhat, but he quickly settled down and was his relaxed self the rest of the way.

The debate proceeded with each candidate using whatever questions were asked to recite his standard positions on the issues, from the rate of inflation and the general state of the economy to proposed tax cuts, urban decay, the hostages, and nuclear arms control. Like the campaign itself, the debate centered essentially on two issues—economic policy and national security. Other issues that had been important in other years—the decay of America's cities, law and order, social welfare—receded to secondary significance. As the discussion droned on, Reagan seemed to become more and more relaxed, in contrast with the sober, even at times menacing, Carter. As one of the President's advisers said later, "the most damaging thing was that in all the cutaways [on television] Jimmy looked like he was about to slug him."

Carter had been determined to make the matter of nuclear arms control—and proliferation—a means of emphasizing the sharp difference he had with Reagan, and to reinforce the argument that Reagan's election would jeopardize peace. He repeated what he had said so often on the stump: that Reagan had said the spread of nuclear weapons "is none of our business."

Having the final rebuttal on the arms control question, Carter said he would try to "put into perspective what we're talking about." Then, to the puzzlement of everyone, he went on: "I had a discussion with my daughter, Amy, the other day, before I came here, to ask her what the most

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When Carter said during the debate that he had discussed nuclear weapons with his daughter, Amy, it helped crystallize the impression that the President was too small for the job.

important issue was. She said she thought nuclear weaponry and the control of nuclear arms." And then, with no further explanation, the President went on to describe the terrible destructive force of nuclear arms. Before he could explain his reference to Amy, if indeed he ever intended to, the time had expired for his answer and the debate went on to other matters.

Bob Strauss and Hamilton Jordan were watching the debate on television. "Oh, no," Jordan groaned.

As the debate went on, President Carter repeatedly pressed Reagan to explain his earlier statements opposing social security and his actions as governor of California on such matters as air pollution. Each time Reagan would simply respond that Carter was misrepresenting his positions. He was dodging the substance of the issues under discussion and deflecting Carter's thrusts, but he was doing so with style. Finally, when Carter accurately pointed out that Reagan "began his career campaigning around this nation against Medicare," Reagan looked over at him, shrugged his shoulders, and said, simply, "There you go again." When he had opposed Medicare, he explained, he really favored an alternate piece of legislation; this was true—he had supported a much less comprehensive bill backed by the American Medical Association. But polls later indicated that it wasn't his defensive answer but the simple expression of an innocent wronged, that most voters remembered.

In his summation, Carter concentrated on reminding the television audience of "the stark differences" that existed between himself and Reagan, and he returned again to the question of Reagan's reliability in world crisis by speaking of his own cool-headedness. In areas of possible combat in the previous four years, he intoned, he had responded "with moderation, with care, with thoughtfulness." He did not mention Reagan, but few could miss the point.

Reagan, in a brilliantly simple conclusion, posed some basic questions to the audience: "Are you better off than you were four years ago? Is it easier for you to go and buy things in the stores than it was four years ago? Is there more or less unemployment in the country than there was four years ago? Is America as respected throughout the world as it was? Do you feel that our security is as safe, that we're as strong as we were four years ago?"

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Then, just as simply, he said, "If you answer all of those questions yes, why then I think your choice is very obvious as to who you'll vote for. If you don't agree, if you don't think that this course that we've been on for the last four years is what you would like to see us follow for the next four, then I could suggest another choice that you have." These key comments in the summation had been carefully composed by David Gergen, one of Reagan's speechwriters, and Reagan had committed them to memory. The other choice about which Reagan spoke, of course, was the same one he had been peddling as a private citizen, public official, and candidate for more than a quarter of a century.

In a few moments it was over. Well-wishers from Carter's inner circle walked up to the stage to congratulate him. Reagan's advisers came up to him, too, but he broke away from them and stepped over to shake Carter's hand. The President had dropped something and was stooping over to pick it up. He did not seem to see Reagan until he was straightening up, and again he seemed somewhat nonplused by the gesture. He did not know it immediately, but he had just been had.

—*Germond and Witcover*

X. Hostage to the Hostages

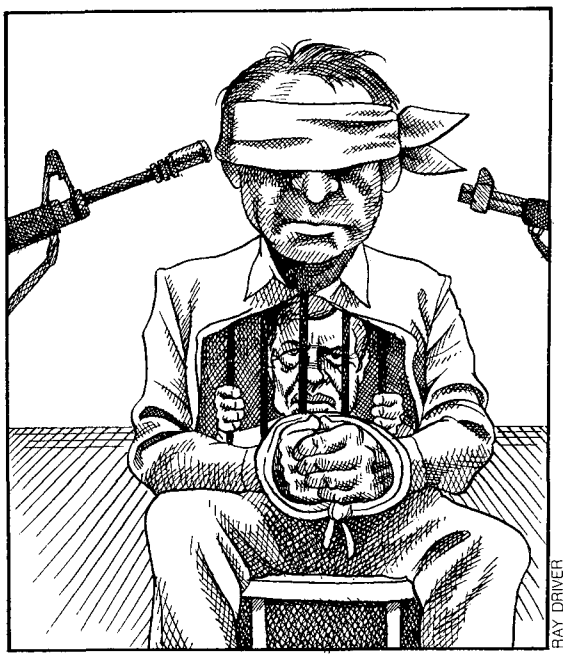
In the last days of the 1980 campaign there appeared to be some hopeful signs that the government in Iran was ready to make some arrangement for the release of the hostages. And early Sunday morning, two days before Election Day, the word came from Tehran that a set of conditions had been announced for the hostages' freedom. Should they be freed before the voting, Carter and his aides believed there just might be enough lift to save the Carter presidency.

The Reaganites had feared just such a development ever since the summer. They did not believe Carter was cynical enough to delay the hostage release until the last possible moment, but they did not dismiss the possibility that a deal could be made in time to influence the election. "The October Surprise," the Reagan people called it, and from the beginning of the fall until Election Day not an opportunity was missed to remind reporters and the public that such an event might damage their chances.

It was a clever tactic indeed. The October Surprise was always mentioned as one of the Reagan campaign's chief concerns, and the very phrase and its repetition planted the idea that Carter might manipulate the crisis to his own advantage. The effect was to feed public cynicism and, the Reagan forces hoped, to negate any credit Carter might get from such a hostage release.

On the evening of November 2, Carter asked for network television time and carefully warned the nation not to get its hopes up. The conditions announced by Tehran, while showing movement and providing a bit of encouragement, still required further negotiation. Carter did not want to be accused, as he had been that April morning of the Wisconsin primary, of feeding public expectations in order to gain votes. Still, he hoped the slightly better news would help.

But past failures, and the Republicans' warnings, had put Carter in a no-win predicament. And the Sunday before the election Pat Caddell's polls registered a remarkable change that dashed whatever faint hope still existed inside the Carter White House. Caddell found a sudden five-point decline in Carter's poll standings; on Monday another five points fell out of the President's column. By Monday night Caddell, Jordan, and Strauss knew the end of Jimmy Carter's reign was about to come.


RAY DRIVER

Speaking to his neighbors in Plains, Georgia, on Election Day, Carter hid what he knew about his fate. Rosalynn stood by, her face looking as if there had been a death in the family. "Don't forget to vote, everybody," he said, and then he was gone. On the flight in Air Force One back to Washington, they sat together in the plane and cried.

—*Stacks*

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Memo of the Month

DEFENSE LOGISTICS AGENCY
HEADQUARTERS
CAMERON STATION
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314

IN REPLY
REFER TO DLSSO

18 NOV 1981

MEMORANDUM FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARIES OF DEFENSE
ASSISTANTS TO THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
CHAIRMAN, JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
SECRETARIES OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS
DIRECTORS OF THE DEFENSE AGENCIES
COMMANDANT, U.S. COAST GUARD
ADMINISTRATOR, GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION

SUBJECT: Introduction of New Title, DLSSO

The DoD Military Standard Logistics Systems Office (DoD MILSO), the DoD Logistics Data Element Standardization and Management Office (DoD LOGDESMO) and the Defense Automatic Addressing System Office (DAASO) were assigned to the DoD Military Standard Logistics Systems and Data Element Standardization and Management Office (DoD MILSDESMO) on 4 February 1979, as approved by the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (Supply, Maintenance and Services) (DASD(SM&S)) memorandum of 16 May 1978, subject: Transfer of the Logistics Data Element Standardization and Management Office. As described in DoD Directives 4000.25 and 5000.27, the DoD MILSO, DoD LOGDESMO and DAASO are mutually supporting and essential elements in accomplishing common DoD policies and objectives for achieving standardization, compatibility and interface relationships for DoD logistics systems.

On 8 May 1981 the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (SM&T), authorized the title of DoD MILSDESMO to be shortened to "Defense Logistics Standard Systems Office (DLSSO)." DoD MILSO, DoD LOGDESMO and DAASO will continue to be identified as separate offices under the DLSSO. The Chief, DLSSO, will continue to receive policy guidance from the Assistant Secretary of Defense, Manpower, Reserve Affairs and Logistics (ASD(MRA&L)) and Assistant Secretary of Defense (Comptroller) (ASD(C)) while administratively reporting to the Director through the Assistant Director, Plans, Policies and Programs, Defense Logistics Agency. The Chief, DLSSO, has been directed to use the distinctive letterhead at Enclosure 1 to clearly distinguish the DLSSO as an OSD operation.

FOR THE DIRECTOR:

M. Roger Peterson

1 Encl

M. ROGER PETERSON
Major General, USAF
Assistant Director,
Plans, Policies and Programs

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A REBIRTH OF VIRTUE

Religion and Liberal Renewal

by Kathleen Kennedy Townsend

The hogs were really feeding. The greed level, the level of opportunism just got out of control." The speaker is the director of the Office of Management and Budget, describing the final negotiations among the leaders of our nation, liberals and conservatives alike, that led to the 1981 tax bill.

"I hate to say this, but I don't like to work with poor people. They are the kind of people who don't interest me. I can't help it; I'm not a nice guy; I don't like poor people." The speaker, more candid than most but not unrepresentative of his colleagues, is a leading Washington psychiatrist quoted recently in **The Washington Post.**

"Why worry about the details?" The speaker is a law professor, who boasts that he is pleased to be paid cash for his next consultation because that means he won't have to report it to the IRS as required by law. The only relevant factors in the professor's calculation are the odds of his being caught.

"I was entrapped." The speaker is a congressman convicted in the ABSCAM case who never denied accepting a bribe but believed it was only natural that he be allowed to escape responsibility anyway. He felt no shame whatsoever.

I don't know about you, but to me these examples suggest that this country is in serious trouble, and that the crisis, at bottom, is a moral one. The underpinnings of American culture—mutual trust and personal responsibility—are coming loose. The passing down of fundamental values from one generation to the next is not taking place. Even the formal barriers of the law itself mean little—not only for the knife-carrying kid on the street but for the millions of others who believe they can pick and choose which laws they feel like obeying. Thucydides' explanation of the death of the Greek city-state—that it was impossible to distinguish between those who perpetrate crimes and those who prevent them—is almost a reality.

Meanwhile, the work ethic is being transformed into the ethic of pleasure. Who denies it? How many have the will to resist the change? A secretary in the Organized Crime Task Force of the Southern District of New York loses a critical brief she is given to type. Simply loses it. Is she fired? No. Is she sorry? No. Government officials seldom discipline their employees. They expect little of them. Loafing, incompetence, and rude arrogance are commonplace. Venality, when exposed, most often meets with some form of rationalization.

The same is true in private industry. Officials at the Ford Motor Company perform a cost-benefit analysis and decide not to install a $14 part. As a result, the Pinto bursts into flames when hit from the rear and immolates the occupants. On balance, the cost of lost lives did not outweigh the cost of installation. A business school professor instructs his students it's not "the role" of a corporation to consider any value other than profit.

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is a law clerk at the Federal District Court in Boston.

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Conversation Among the Ruins. Giorgio de Chirico. The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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New Right groups may have a simplistic, reactionary, even dangerous view of moral values, but at least they understand the importance of the subject.

Nor, apparently, is it a role for individuals. A high official leaves his job with the federal government, forced into private industry, he feels, so that he can afford a second home on Martha's Vineyard. Individuals who work on political campaigns expect to maintain high salaries. My mentor tells me to "earn money"—that is the only way they'll respect you. A professor with a Harvard Ph.D. teaches at a small college for $11,000. He is considered an outcast, an oddity. When he decides to attend Yale Law School, suddenly his opinion is sought, and his advice valued. Now he can earn big money, therefore he must be smart.

And the American family? The idea of a wife and husband who commit themselves selflessly to each other and to their children is almost an anachronism. A friend, getting married, asks, "Why should I change my name? I'll probably have to change it back in a few years." Even when a child is fortunate enough to have two parents, they make much less effort than in the past to instill values or develop character. Building character, once a primary concern of family and education, is now out of fashion and unrewarded. Were he to step out of the pages of *Crime and Punishment* with a number-two pencil, Raskalnikov would score 750 on his LSATs or MCATs and get accepted to the professional school of his choice.

As for reading—essential to any society—if the best-seller list is any indication, Americans now open books primarily to learn how to be your own best friend and look out for number one. We're into our eighth or ninth year of this phenomenon, with more to come. *You* are the only important person, the self-help ethic tells us. Your concern for the weak is a vestige of tired values. Shed that old skin. Whatever is, is right.

Okay, maybe all of this sounds like an exaggeration to you. But let's not deny it: we are paying a stiff price for our liberation from older values—the "freedom" to be left alone; the "freedom" to be without responsibility; love and loyalty that flash on and off like a neon sign. As we try to "discover ourselves," we're learning to live without shame. By that I mean not only criminals who can mug pedestrians with a clear conscience but everyone else who can see some of themselves in these examples—who can lie and cheat and selfishly accumulate wealth without thinking twice about it.

So what is to be done? More government efforts to stop crime? More psychiatric efforts to get us to "talk out" our problems? I think not. We have enough police and psychiatrists already, and they just treat symptoms anyway. The real problem is more fundamental. We've lost something at the core of our national character that once acted to shape our behavior. We've lost our sense of virtue.

Well, that's a nice word, you say, but what does it really mean? After all, isn't virtue a relative term? How can we *know* what is right or wrong, good or bad? Doesn't a certainty about such matters imply an objectionable kind of religious dogmatism? This is the line of reasoning that many liberals pursue, but I believe the premise is wrong, and that the reasons it's wrong can tell us a lot—not only about virtue but about liberalism and why it's in trouble.

The Example of Virtue

First, we should accept the idea that virtue is not relative at all. It is very definite. It means love, generosity, and responsibility, not only for yourself and your family but for other people. It means private citizens and public officials who have the honor and courage to do what is right, whatever the risks. It means not simply the ability to distinguish that right from wrong, but a restless quest to do good and seek justice. Until we start talking about it and teaching it in those terms—until we realize that virtue really does *mean* something—we won't stop crime or callousness or any of the other symptoms of moral disintegration.

As for the second concern, religious dogmatism, I don't think we have to accept simple-minded, self-righteous dogmatists such as Jerry Falwell in order to realize that religious belief can be a foundation for virtuous action.

Take the case of Ruby Bridges, who at age six initiated school desegregation in New Orleans. Ruby's parents had just arrived in New Orleans

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Unredeemed Time. Karen Laub-Novak.

to find work. Day after day, this small girl walked a gauntlet of angry, resentful adults shouting ugly threats, cursing her, spitting, and shaking their fists. One of the teachers told Dr. Robert Coles:

> I was standing in the classroom, looking out the window, and I saw Ruby coming down the street, with federal marshals on both sides of her. The crowd was there, shouting, as usual. A woman spat at Ruby but missed; Ruby smiled at her. A man shook his fist at her; Ruby smiled at him. Then she walked up the stairs, and she stopped, and turned, and smiled one more time! You know what she told one of the marshals? She told him she prays for those people, the ones in that mob, every night before she goes to sleep!

When Ruby was asked how she could do this, she smiled and explained,

> they keep coming and saying the bad words, but my momma says they'll get tired after a while and then they'll stop coming. They'll stay home. The minister came to our house and said the same thing, and not to worry, and I don't. The minister said God is watching and He won't forget because He never does. The minister says if I forgive the people, and smile at them and pray for them, God will keep a good eye on everything, and He'll be our protection.

Ruby's story shows that virtue is not the product of higher education but of a habit of mind developed at an early age. Religion may not be essential to developing a moral framework for one's life, but it certainly can help.

When the mother superior at my grammar school asserted that each of us must develop our talents for the greater glory of God, we believed her. Whispered rumors that she had once been a Mardi Gras queen gave credence to her sermon that whatever our vocation would be—lawyer, doctor, teacher, or housewife—we had a responsibility to strive for excellence and to work hard for the well-being of the community. Her decision to give up wealth and beauty for the convent evidenced the power of belief and inspired our own quest for the "good." Even if we ourselves were unwilling to take the vow of poverty, we could not be entirely satisfied in finding the good in accumulated possessions. As for moral courage, that was something we were evaluated on along with reading, writing, and arithmetic. I remember Mother Mouton saying, "Silence is golden, but sometimes it's just plain yellow."

If I haven't always been honest and morally courageous, at least I—and the others in my class—learned what those words meant. Religious conviction—in all faiths—gives us the ability to reject the easy and safe career, or at least to risk that career if it conflicts with our ability to speak truthfully and act responsibly. It teaches us—rightly, I think—that happiness is hollow and ephemeral compared to the satisfactions of a life of service. It can inspire us to bear public denunciation and ridicule if we know that "the cause endures and the hope still lives." And it can allow us to forgive and to love those who criticize us.

Instead of that model of modern thinking, the Washington psychiatrist, religion gives us the model of Saint Francis of Assisi, with his indifference to material things and his passionate concern for the poor. Instead of the law professor who cheats, it gives us Moses. And instead of ideas like "get mine" and "get even," it gives us the basic principles of Judaism and Christianity that have survived the centuries since Leviticus 19:18 ("Love thy neighbor") and Matthew 7:12 (the Golden Rule).

So I wonder: Why are we now so reluctant to engage our students and our children in questions of character and virtue? Why are we afraid to

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raise the issue of honesty when we teach politics, to raise the issue of love when we teach sex, to raise the issue of faith when we teach science? Is there really something terrible about encouraging students to read religious myths, including Biblical texts? The Bible is popular because it asks the central questions: Why are we here? Why does life seem so unfair? Such teaching does not foist faith upon the faithless; it simply helps us understand a little more of what life is about. Recall the example of Abraham Lincoln, who, for most of his life, didn't believe in God but made a point of knowing the Bible very well anyway.

Why Doth the Heathen Rage?

All of this is another way of saying that maybe the Moral Majority is on to something. It's on to it too narrowly; it has applied its definition of virtue specifically to particular political positions that are insensitive to the discriminations suffered by blacks and that are militaristic and anti-female. This has given the idea of moral virtue a bad name. But the basic feeling that a spiritual renewal and a repairing of American moral fabric have something to do with each other is not far off the mark. These New Right groups may have a simplistic, reactionary, even dangerous view of moral values, but at least they understand the importance of the subject. Most liberal Democrats nowadays do not appreciate its importance. Discussion of moral values makes them uneasy.

I'll explain shortly why this is so, but the absence of such sensitivity is puzzling on simple political grounds. In 1968, for instance, my father was able to earn the trust of black and white women and men largely because it was clear that he believed in them and in their values. His religious conviction made him acceptable to many working people who after his death could vote only for George Wallace. At the same time, many blacks felt they could trust him. On his return from South Africa in 1966, he wrote an article for *Look* magazine entitled "Suppose God Is Black." The title struck at all those who believed in God but were still unwilling to treat blacks as equals or to welcome them into their neighborhoods, schools, factories, offices, and boardrooms.

My father appealed to both rich and poor, black and white, because he took religion seriously. We read the Bible and prayed the rosary every night. Often we read the lives of the saints. Saint Francis was a favorite. The story of his life hung in the children's room. The saint who treated every individual as a king, as a unique and important person, serves as a model of religion at its best. As Cesar Chavez said about my father, "He could see things through the eyes of the poor. He believed in each person's dignity." When he said, "This is unacceptable," he meant poverty and discrimination were morally wrong.

My father was willing to make a moral appeal, to say, "What we need in this country is love and wisdom and compassion towards one another." Knowing of the love and admiration many liberals felt for my father (particularly in his later years), I've never been able to understand why liberals don't comprehend the power of a moral

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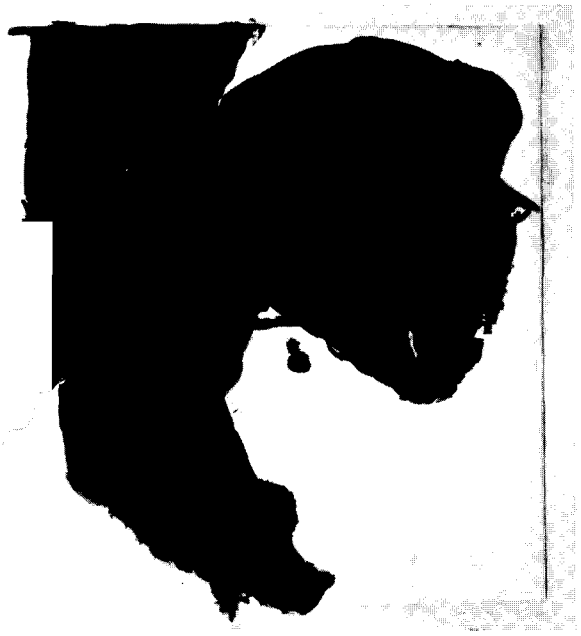

Reconciliation Elegy. Robert Motherwell. 1978. The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

appeal and why they don't begin to take religion seriously, too.

Of course it's important to worry about separation of church and state, and of course we should realize that our democratic system is not well-suited to religious leadership. But in preserving the pluralistic structure of our democracy, we have to be careful not to lose sight of the *substance* of what we're trying to protect—that is, the moral commitment to doing right. This substance can be safely based on religious appeal. I think if liberals remember back a few years they'll agree that they can't very well rejoice at William Sloane Coffin's use of religion to protest the war in Vietnam but object *on principle* to the Moral Majority's use of religion to further its conservative goals. The politics and narrowness of these groups are disturbing, but their religiousness per se is not.

This should be true even for those who find specific elements of that religiousness especially objectionable. Many Jews, for instance, fear the power of an explicitly religious movement because they believe that in an overwhelmingly Christian nation such a movement is likely to exclude them, just as they've been excluded in other countries. But this doesn't necessarily have to be so, as several Jewish leaders have pointed out. Jewish identity must be strengthened, these leaders say, and they make a persuasive case that some kind of general awakening will be required to carry forward the faith's tradition. So while Jews are quite right to fear a narrow fundamentalist revival, they, like Christians, have no reason to object to the notion of religiousness.

One reason so many people *do* discount religion is that they see others who preach it but often don't live up to their virtuous ideals. But why scorn frailty? The charge of religious hypocrisy is really just an excuse not to make the effort that it takes to live the virtuous life.

This does not mean there is no evidence of religious abuse. The Catholic church, for instance, was indifferent to Hitler and actively supported Franco and the Vietnam war. Many liberals have found the Church to be authoritarian, particularly on issues like birth control. I don't deny these concerns; I simply hasten to point out that it is too simplistic to condemn all religion because of the defects of any particular faith. It's too simplistic to condemn the idea of religious belief just because Oral Roberts preaches that God tells us to make money or James Watt believes that He tells him to strip mine the West. Elmer Gantry is just not an adequate reason to reject all religious experience.

The continued inability of the left to grasp this point leads me to believe that there is an element of simple prejudice in current attitudes toward evangelical southern Protestants. In some ways, the prejudice echoes that harbored in earlier years toward the Catholic church. The caricature of the crude, ignorant, blindly obedient Catholic immigrant reappears in contemporary caricatures of Moral Majority members.

In the case of the Catholic immigrants, the result of the distorted image was the demagogic Know-Nothingism of the 19th century and the Ku Klux Klan's vicious campaign of terror against Catholics in the early part of the 20th century. If fears of a new wave of fundamentalism haven't prompted that kind of backlash, a troubling reaction has set in nonetheless. Robert Coles recalls a psychiatric conference in Colorado a few months ago where the organizers asked that he change the title of the paper he was to deliver from "The Moral Development of Children" to "The Social Development of Children." It seems the word "moral" contained certain *inappropriate* implications.

The dangers this attitude poses for liberals are

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Interestingly, liberals who mock the idea of sin and punishment and find evangelists particularly odious are often able to tolerate and even applaud this type of religiosity among blacks.

not too hard to figure out. By cutting itself off from religion, the left has failed, as Harvey Cox, a professor of religion at Harvard, puts it, "to understand the power and significance of myth and ritual and symbol in the lives of ordinary people. ... It has consistently abandoned the task of drawing out these cultural resources and turned the whole field over to the right."

Cox recounts a story involving two groups, Pro-Lifers for Survival and Mobilization for Peace. Pro-Lifers for Survival, having discerned a connection between life and peace, sent its members to speak to other, more conservative pro-life groups about the dangers of nuclear weapons and the present military build-up. But when the group tried to get involved in Mobilization for Peace, the liberal organizers of the peace movement excluded the pro-lifers because of their position on abortion.

I can't understand this attitude. Do we want peace or ideological conformity? If we genuinely want the former we'll open ourselves to the potential of religion to accomplish it. Jim Wallis, a member of Sojourners, a leftist evangelical group, was asked recently by a peace organization to explain what accounted for his success among other evangelicals in advocating peace. On hearing the request, he asked the peace group, "How many here go to church?" No reply. He then asked, "How many consider yourselves to be Christian?" A few tentative hands were raised. The problem, he pointed out, is that an evangelical would not believe a nonbeliever.

I suspect, however, that mere disbelief in God, infrequent church attendance, and unwillingness to accept the appellation "Christian" were not the reasons for this peace group's inability to recruit religious Americans. More likely, the evangelicals rejected the group's message because of the liberal peace activists' obvious distaste for religion in general, and because of an arrogant, supercilious attitude.

This brings us to another important reason so many liberals dislike religion: class bias and simple snobbism. That, too, has historical roots. The spiritual side of religion has long distressed many northern Protestants. Religious fervor, so central to the abolitionist cause, exhausted itself after the Civil War, and by the late 19th century the social gospel of "do-gooding" had replaced a religion where you meet your Maker and get judged. The latter was viewed as "undignified"—what today we might call "embarrassingly emotional."

The famed New Dealer and lobbyist Tommy Corcoran used to tell a story about Unitarianism that conveys something of how northern liberals have long viewed religion. Corcoran had just been appointed Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's law clerk, and he would be the first Catholic to hold that position. At the time, clerks often lived with the justice for whom they worked. When he arrived at the house, Mrs. Holmes greeted him with the question, "What do you know about us?" He replied, "Well, I have read all of Justice Holmes's books."

"Look, young man," she said, "you are Catholic. I know all about you. We are Unitarian. What do you know about that?"

"Some reformed kind of Congregationalism," Corcoran replied.

"We are from Boston," Mrs. Holmes pointed out. "You must be something there, and Unitarian is the least you can be."

This sums up the thinking that prevails to this day among many liberals: religion, if it is recognized at all, is to be cool, low-key, and unimportant. Of course it's only a small step from here to the feeling that fervor, especially when harnessed to social ends, is, well, gauche. Why is that loud man in a polyester suit talking on TV about salvation and dollar targets? The question—and I've asked it, too—betrays more than a little class bias.

Interestingly, liberals who mock the idea of sin and punishment and find evangelists particularly odious are often able to tolerate and even applaud this type of religiosity among blacks. Thus the northern white Marc Connelly could in 1931 write *Green Pastures*, a play of Biblical tales performed by blacks speaking in southern accents, while being an agnostic himself. Although the black actor asked to play "de Lawd" suffered misgivings as to whether the play insulted his people, the show enjoyed phenomenal Broadway

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Study for the Crucifixion. Thomas Eakins. 1880. The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.

success and the critics raved. "The real spiritual hunger and steadfast faith of these souls is carried over the footlights by the simplest and most unaffected means," wrote the *New York Herald Tribune* critic.

Of course such spiritual hunger and steadfast faith wouldn't have counted for much if the play had been about whites. In fact, it probably would have flopped. Likewise, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr.'s stirring benediction at the 1976 Democratic convention, with its lilting, rolling cadences, would not have been popular had it been delivered by a white man.

In this connection, it is worth reflecting on the greatest liberal triumph of my lifetime—the success of the civil rights movement in the 1960s. The movement was led by black clergymen who simply asked if segregation was consistent with the teachings of Jesus. This religious appeal had more impact than all the briefs of the government and the American Civil Liberties Union combined. It inspired Americans to examine their virtues and provided a moral foundation necessary to support legal change.

I believe liberals can achieve such triumphs again, but only if they open themselves up to their own religious impulses and—like the Ruby Bridgeses, the Martin Luther Kings, and the Robert F. Kennedys—reach out to average Americans in a way that touches their souls. □

The Washington Monthly Journalism Award

November 1981
is presented to
William Greider
The Atlantic

In his celebrated article entitled "The Education of David Stockman," William Greider did far more than make news and embarrass the budget director and the Reagan administration. He also provided the best insight to date of how things really work inside Reagan's government, and how even the most sweeping and important of policies emerge less from controlled decision-making than from the hurly-burly of life in power. As an inside account of the early months of the Reagan administration, the Greider article remains unparalleled.

The Washington Monthly wishes to recognize the writers and publishers who share our purpose of trying to describe how the political system really works, to determine why it succeeds, and why it fails, and to suggest ways in which it might be improved.

The *Monthly* Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper or magazine article (or series of articles) on our political system. Nominations from any newspaper or magazine in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestations.

The award for articles published in January will be announced in the April issue. Nominations will close on February 15. Nominations should be accompanied by two copies of the article or articles. Please send nominations to:

Awards
The Washington Monthly
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We're doing what has to be done.

Auto Theft.

Every 28 seconds, a vehicle is stolen somewhere in the U.S. Cost to the public: $4 billion a year. That's why Property-Casualty insurance companies work together to fight this crime.

With over 1,100,000 vehicles stolen in the U.S. last year, auto theft is not just a problem—it's an epidemic. One of every 143 registered motor vehicles is stolen, and fewer than 60 percent of them are recovered.

Owners of stolen vehicles are not the only victims. Auto theft costs the American public an incredible *$4 billion* a year. *And every car owner and taxpayer helps to pay that bill.*

Why this sudden surge in auto theft? Several reasons. For one, the lure of a fast and easy profit has attracted organized crime. Two men working in an illegal "chop shop" can disassemble a stolen vehicle in forty minutes.

The component parts are passed along for sale at almost pure profit. The endless supply of—and demand for—these parts creates a black market bonanza.

At the same time, the illegal export of stolen vehicles is rising. Experts estimate that as many as 20,000 stolen cars are shipped to Mexico, alone, every year.

Even ordinary citizens are becoming involved. Evidence mounts that many engage in auto theft and fraud schemes as a way of disposing of expensive "gas guzzlers."

Action Needed...and Provided

Clearly, something has to be done. And, thanks to the combined efforts of the law enforcement, legal, and insurance

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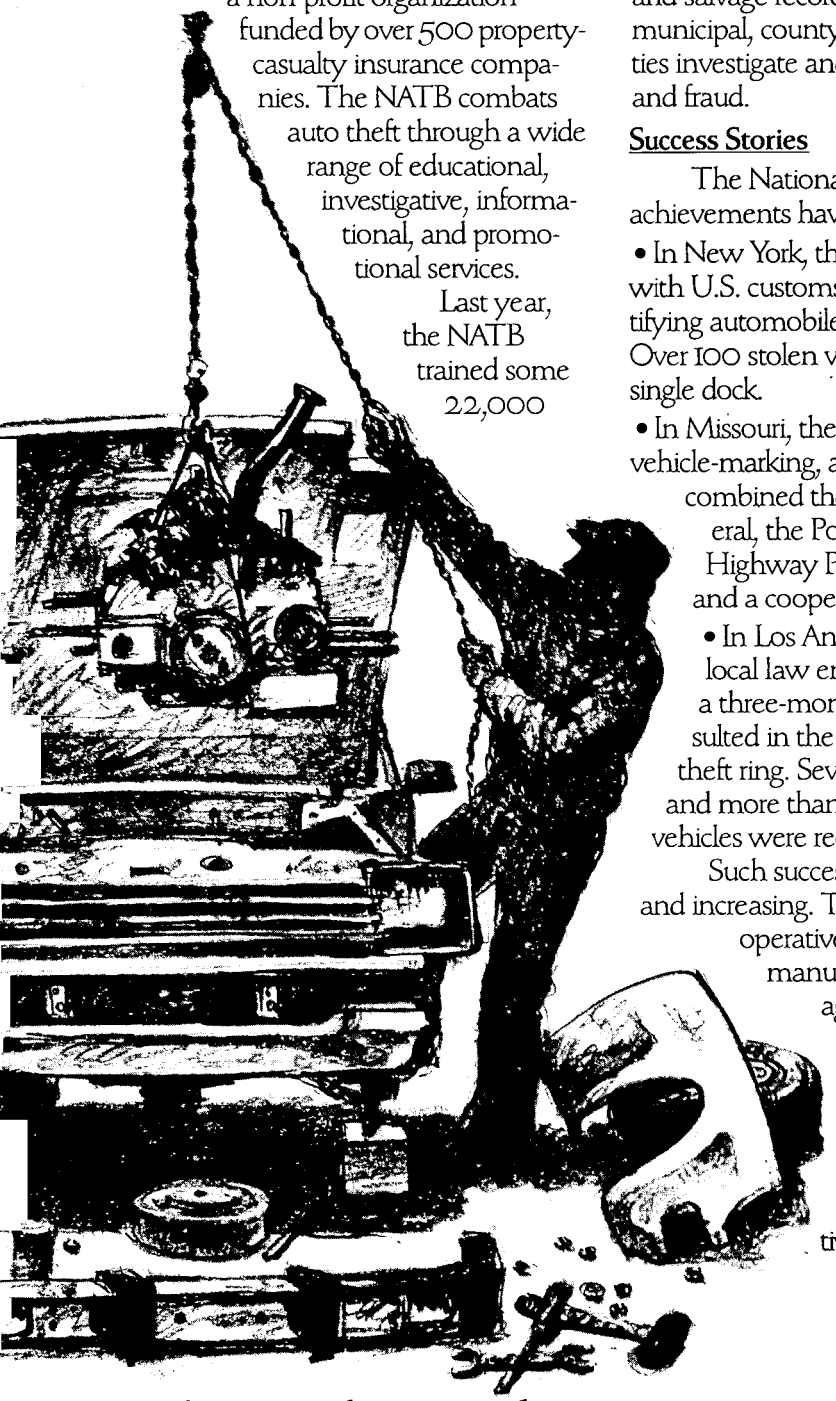
communities, something *is* being done.

Prominent in the fight is the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization funded by over 500 property-casualty insurance companies. The NATB combats auto theft through a wide range of educational, investigative, informational, and promotional services.

Last year, the NATB trained some 22,000 law enforcement officers in investigative techniques. It maintains an extensive computerized system of vehicle identification numbers and salvage records. And NATB agents help municipal, county, state, and federal authorities investigate and prosecute auto theft and fraud.



Success Stories

The National Automobile Theft Bureau's achievements have spanned the nation:

- In New York, the NATB recently joined with U.S. customs officials and the FBI in identifying automobiles awaiting export to Kuwait. Over 100 stolen vehicles were recovered on a single dock.
- In Missouri, the NATB helped sponsor a vehicle-marking, anti-theft program which combined the efforts of the Attorney General, the Police Chiefs Association, the Highway Patrol, 120 police departments, and a cooperative public.
- In Los Angeles, NATB officials joined local law enforcement agencies during a three-month investigation, which resulted in the break-up of a major auto theft ring. Seven suspects were arrested and more than $700,000 worth of stolen vehicles were recovered.

Such success stories are encouraging—and increasing. They show that the cooperative efforts of car owners and manufacturers, law enforcement agencies, legislators, insurance companies, and the public *can* be effective in reducing losses and in helping to slow the rise in the cost of insurance.

And that's an objective we all share.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

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LEARNING FROM LOURDES

by Joseph Nocera

"We were about to arrive," wrote Alexis Carrel in his book *Journey to Lourdes*. "The holy earth, the city of miracles . . . the goal of this long and difficult journey would soon appear in the radiant glory of the afternoon. Above the circular shapes of the first spurs of the Pyrenees, several large white clouds appeared in the sky. . . . At the end of a sparkling row of willow trees, you could see the river . . . and much further away a slender spire, thin and pure, which stood in the light mist. The train stopped before entering the station. At all the windows, you could see the pallid faces, ecstatic, joyous, greeting the elected place where their ills were going to vanish like smoke vanished with the wind. An immense breath of hope burst forth from all those desires, all those worries, and all that love."

It was 1902 when Alexis Carrel made his famous trip to Lourdes, France, and wrote those words, yet they remain today an accurate description of a visitor's first impression of the city. It is a scene that seems almost calculated to inspire—or at least to impress. And the people whose noses are pressed against the train window *are* impressed—still—and there is, as there was in Carrel's time, a keen sense of anticipation in the air. What is missing today are any of those overt signs of hoping and wishing that Carrel saw, but then that comes as no surprise. For as attitudes have changed over the course of the twentieth century—in the case at hand, the institutional attitudes of the Roman Catholic Church—it is impossible for those changes not to have affected the way people think about, and react to, a place like Lourdes.

A year ago last summer, some 78 years after Carrel had come and gone, I made my own little journey to Lourdes. That may seem like an odd place to visit for an American liberal who is not especially religious. Certainly most of my friends looked at me askance when I told them I had been there. If they knew anything about it, Lourdes conjured up images of cultism, the kind of blind, unquestioning, Old World faith that doesn't much exist any more in America, and perhaps even a touch of mass hysteria. It is the

Joseph Nocera is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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The Attentive Nurse. Jean Simeon Chardin. The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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sort of place Charles Krauthammer of *The New Republic* could mention in passing (as he did recently) as an example of a certain type of religious extremism—a sentiment, I suspect, with which most of his readers, Catholics included, instinctively agreed. After all, Lourdes is famous mainly as a city where religious miracles are claimed to have taken place, and in modern America such claims are usually either dismissed out of hand or at least taken with a grain of salt.

But I've always been something of a softie on the subject of Lourdes, and although this trip was for a magazine assignment, I'd always wanted to visit the place. As a child in Providence, Rhode Island, I attended a school called Our Lady of Lourdes, where the nuns never seemed to stop talking about the shrine and the miracles that were said to have occurred there. Every few years two or three girls, usually in the fourth or fifth grade, would claim that the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, which stood in a corner of the parish church, had whispered something to them. They would tell this to their closest friends and swear them to secrecy—which of course meant that within a few days the whole school was abuzz with rumors. The girls would become incredibly devout and spend most of their free time praying before the statue—until the parish priest caught wind of the rumors and called in the girls for a little talk. And that would be the end of that, at least until the next time. So even though the ensuing years had made me progressively more skeptical of all religion, Lourdes was still a place I wanted to see and try to understand.

I saw things that justified skepticism, even cynicism. Lourdes is the only place I know where you can buy a tie with an image of the Virgin that lights up at the flick of a switch. Row after row of what have to be the tackiest gift shops on earth offer Virgin water bottles, Virgin candles, and Virgin 3-D postcards; there are even several Virgin wax museums. And I didn't see any miraculous cures. Even the Church has certified only 64 such cures out of the millions of sick who have visited the shrine. Indeed, today few of the sick come expecting miracles; instead they seek a sense of renewal and comfort, the strength to go on.

But if I did not see miracles, I did see something that I came to believe is much more important. It is the power of religion as a force for good. I don't mean the power of organized religion to influence the behavior of governments; I mean the power of religion to influence human beings, to cause them to commit acts of charity and kindness they would not otherwise perform. "One of the particular things about the pilgrimage to Lourdes," says Patrick Marnham, an English journalist who has written a fine book on the subject, is that even "people who are unbearable anywhere else become very pleasant there."

The shrine—it is called the Domain—receives four and a half million visitors each year, more than visit Bethlehem and Jerusalem combined. Sixty-six thousand of them were sick enough to require hospitalization when the last count was made in 1975. Thousands of others appear each day on crutches, in wheelchairs, or requiring other assistance. Yet the Domain has a staff of but 220 people. That includes the people who handle the maintenance—the groundskeepers, janitors, painters, and so on—so the number of paid employees who actually work with the pilgrims every day is far fewer. All the rest of the work—the real miracle of Lourdes—is done by volunteers. They do everything from controlling crowds and pushing wheelchairs to emptying bedpans, and they do it without being paid.

Each year 300,000 to 400,000 of these volunteers contribute their services to the pilgrims. Organized into a society called the Hospitality, most of them serve for a week, but others contribute their entire vacation, and some the remainder of their lives.

"When I first came here a few years ago," recalled one American priest I met at Lourdes, "I kind of thought I would be a little embarrassed by this place. I thought I would feel too sophisticated for it or above it all. But that's not what happened at all. I ended up with a deep respect for these people, and for what goes on here. And that's why I keep coming back." In the end, I felt much the same way, though I suspect my reasons were somewhat different.

Seeing all these people doing all this menial work—and neither wanting nor expecting to be paid for it—makes you realize that Lourdes is on to something that most of the rest of us have either never learned or long since forgotten. This impression is deepened considerably when you see the spirit with which people at Lourdes carry out their tasks. Workers at Lourdes don't complain much. Very little is done half-heartedly, or patronizingly, or out of a sense of forced duty. You don't see anyone going through the motions.

What was it, I wondered, that brought these people here, year after year, to do such hard work in a spirit of charity and love? After I had been there a few days, I began asking that question of volunteers I met, but their answers were not very helpful. This was not the sort of thing, it seemed, that they had ever intellectualized; no one had a

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concise, articulate response. It felt right, so they did it. People said things like "It gives me a big lift" or "It's good to help other people sometimes." After I had learned something of the Lourdes system, it occurred to me that some of the workers, at least, came because they liked feeling "special"; they liked the sense of status that being a member of the Hospitality afforded them. Such status, in the form of awards or promotions or simply public pats on the back, has always played an important part in human experience; it is one way the engine of human performance is fueled. It would have been far stranger, I realized, if Lourdes *didn't* offer status to its volunteers.

But status is not the only reason people do good works at Lourdes, nor the most important one. The real motivation is religious faith. People believe, whether they can articulate it clearly or not, that the gospel instructs them to be there. They perform acts of charity because they believe it is what Jesus Christ would want them to do. At Lourdes, the Church encourages such feelings, not only because they're noble but because they're necessary. These small acts of charity may cleanse the soul of the volunteer; they also keep the place from falling apart.

This sounds simple—even simplistic—but when you're there, watching a belief in God prod people to do things they would not ordinarily do, you realize what a rare thing it has become. And it inevitably begs another, larger question: Why do you have to travel to a small, out-of-the-way city in the corner of France to see such widespread and general goodness? Why doesn't the Catholic Church—and all organized religion, for that matter—encourage this same behavior in society at large?

Part of the reason is that as government has become the main provider for the poor and the sick, it has hired people to handle caring for those in need. The nursing home staffer, the welfare bureaucrat, the mental institution worker are thus not necessarily motivated by the prick of conscience or the desire to make someone's life a little easier, but by the knowledge that they must do such work to earn a paycheck. More and more, we have come to see this as work for which there should be financial remuneration; charity has become a profession.

Certainly this has made the business of caring more comprehensive and perhaps more competent; it has also surely allowed the rest of us to feel we're off the hook. If professionals are out there caring for the sick, the poor, the handicapped, and the old, we needn't feel guilty about whether we're doing our part. Indeed, if one has a certain kind of job—as a Hill staffer, a public interest lawyer, or an investigative reporter—he often feels he *is* doing his part. Churchmen are no less immune from this feeling.

The building of the welfare state certainly has done vastly more good than not; I don't mean to imply otherwise. To praise small, private acts of charity is not to wish for a return to the "good old days" when private charity was all there was. Ronald Reagan can reminisce about the goodness in people's hearts, but when his alcoholic father needed help, he relied not on the charitable impulses of neighbors but on the WPA. So when Reagan says that private charity should be used to take the place of some of the programs he wants to eliminate, liberals are right to deride him. Personal altruism has never been enough.

But government altruism has never been enough either, and nothing drives home this point quite as effectively as a trip to Lourdes. When you see the disabled who come there, you realize that the large majority of them must spend their lives in institutions. Many of them need constant hospitalization. Many are so fully paralyzed or contorted that they cannot do anything for themselves. But trite as this may sound, at Lourdes they seem happy. No doubt this is partly because they are participating in the rituals of their religion, and that alone is a source of joy. But I came to believe that it was also because here was one place in their lives where they were not shut-ins. They could *feel* that the people who were wheeling them to the baths were not doing so perfunctorily; they were being talked to, and prayed with, and paid attention to. And that too was a tremendous source of joy. If you've ever visited a government-run nursing home, you will immediately realize how different the care at Lourdes is from what they usually receive. It's not a matter of fancy equipment (of which Lourdes has very little), or the most up-to-date treatment; it's simply a matter of *caring*. And if you talk to some of the disabled, you also realize rather quickly how important this is and what a great mistake we've made by forgetting its importance.

Caring, of course, is not the exclusive province of religion, and a belief in God has never lived up to its potential as a source for good in the world. But every so often an example will come along that illustrates what religion, at its best, can do. Compassion has been, well, *humanized* at Lourdes, and this is something the rest of us would do well to emulate. □

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GOD IS MY CHIROPRACTOR

by Art Levine

I've decided to come out of the closet.

For nearly two years I have been engaging in illicit practices that have scandalized my friends and set me apart from the mainstream of American intellectual life. Possessed by strong drives that I have been helpless to control, I've become part of a hidden subculture, complete with its own rituals, literature, and gathering places. Like millions of others with similar preferences, I have attempted, with some success, to pass as part of the conventional world. I've laughed at the same jokes, talked about the same topics, even read the same liberal magazines. But all the while, I have been concealing my strange secret life.

Over the last few years, of course, growing numbers of us have surfaced and proclaimed our unusual predilections. Entertainers, politicians, athletes, and hairdressers have all exposed their true selves, although the mass media, as usual, have highlighted only the most extreme individuals. Naturally we've all been branded kooks and weirdos. Despite the supposed tolerance for alternative lifestyles, we're still subjected to scorn and derision.

Now it is my turn to reveal myself, and, I hope, make it easier for those who feel the same forbidden stirrings within themselves. The truth must be told:

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND I PRAY EVERY DAY!

That's not all. In 1980, in the space of a few months, I was converted from atheism to a belief in the power of prayer, the reality of miracles, and even reincarnation. (Special note to Mom and Dad: Don't worry, I'm still Jewish.)

In short, I've become a religious fanatic. My bookshelves are stuffed with inspirational self-help books (sample titles: *The Dynamic Laws of Healing* and *Handbook to Higher Consciousness*), and I've visited mystic prayer groups, consulted psychics, and even read the Bible for guidance. All in all, my beliefs resemble those of an 83-year-old Iowa grandmother who subscribes to *The National Enquirer* and goes to church every day. Although, as a Jew, I don't accept the standard Christian view that Jesus was God incarnate, in other respects I now have a faith as fervent and deep as that held by the religious constituency scorned by liberals—those millions of devout Americans who have been appealed to by the Rev. Jerry Falwell, Ronald Reagan, and other conservatives.

So I've come to think that perhaps some of what the nuts say *may really be true*. What if, for example, there really is a Supreme Being who created everything, runs the universe, and will respond to our prayers? What if after we die our minds and souls survive? What if the Golden Rule is one of God's laws and not just a cliche? What if there's divine judgment rendered on everyone, with rewards for the good and punishment for the bad?

"Hell," you might say, "what difference does that make to me? I have tenure, a new Volvo, and a house on Martha's Vineyard."

Actually, it could make a big difference. Assume for the moment that many religious beliefs are not just abstractions but realities as tangible as this page of print. Obviously, then, many of you will be in for quite a surprise when you die.

Art Levine is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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The Light That Won't Fail, I. James Rosenquist. 1961. The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.

Some people, such as Idi Amin or Henry Kissinger, have good reason to be somewhat apprehensive before they pass on. More important, if during our lifetime those unproven spiritual truths were acknowledged as true, it's likely that a lot of our behavior might change for the better. Remember these chestnuts? "Love they neighbor as thyself." "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." These and other Biblical injunctions have the potential to transform conduct as much as, say, the new tax law. After all, if people are lining up early in the morning just to get All Savers certificates, imagine what they'd do if they truly believed God would reward them for helping the poor:

> WASHINGTON—Dozens of vagrants sleeping on city benches were awakened yesterday morning by eager pedestrians who lined up to present them with gifts and cash. Pandemonium swept through the city as Washingtonians competed with each other to perform acts of altruism.
>
> Observers credit the phenomenom to the appearance last week of a booming voice from the sky that said, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The voice, generally assumed to be that of God, also announced, "I'll be back soon to see how you're doing."

Naturally, when one confesses to something as improbable and weird as a spiritual conversion, certain stereotypes come to mind. I'm not a born-again Christian, and I haven't taken all my rock-and-roll records and hurled them on a bonfire. I still like rock-and-roll, but I've also become more appreciative of others, and, I hope, more compassionate and altruistic.

A strain of gooey idealism that would embarrass even Norman Cousins has also surfaced. The old-fashioned Biblical command to love thy neighbor as thyself has strengthened my interest in such traditionally left-wing issues as poverty at home, oppression overseas, and world peace. But I part company with most liberals because I'm convinced that those and other problems will *never* be solved without a widespread spiritual awakening.

But the sticky question of God still remains. Some say God is just an infantile projection of our fears, or an abstract philosophical concept that we can either believe or not. Many of us, at some time in our lives, turned away from religion because too much dogma, hollow ritual, hypoc-

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The Therapeutist. Rene Magritte. 1967. The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.

risy, and Puritanism came with it. God is for rednecks, we thought. And when we looked at the menagerie of characters who called themselves religious, from the fellow raving on the street corner to the Hare Krishna flower child dunning us in the airport, many of us understandably concluded that religion wasn't for us. Others, seeing a world that allowed the Holocaust, the South Bronx, and Roy Cohn, found it hard to believe in the existence of a God, period.

I'd shared many of those doubts, and like many other young liberals I stopped believing seriously in God a long time ago. I was too cowardly, however, to commit myself fully to atheism. Since there was an outside chance that God existed, I thought it best to be on the safe side. After all, I didn't want to die and find myself explaining to some perturbed supernatural power, "Hey, listen, I was just *kidding*. I wasn't really an atheist. I just said that to look cool." So after reading Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* shortly before my Bar Mitzvah, I started fancying myself a deist. That meant, as I understood it, that God had started the universe but had since left the scene. At other times, I considered myself an agnostic, but for all practical purposes, I was an atheist.

So how did I end up a believer? How could a cynical Jew with a good education and a subscription to *The Village Voice* end up believing in God? The truth is that I didn't know I'd stumble into faith. All I wanted to do was cure my bad back.

Resurrection City

I had been suffering from chronic back pain for a few years, and I'd already tried conventional doctors, exercises, acupuncture, and yoga, without permanent relief. As a last attempt, I had even enlisted in est. After *that* didn't work, I thought to myself, Why not try for a *real* miracle? Why not go to a . . . faith healer?

Fortunately, Olga Worrall, a 73-year-old spiritual healer, was coming to town to lecture. She was billed in the announcement I saw as "the world's most thoroughly tested healer." She'd also lectured at universities, medical schools, and hospitals. Although I was still very much the skeptic, I thought it was worth a shot.

Olga Worrall wasn't at all as I imagined her to be. I expected a charismatic performer with long flowing robes, glowing eyes, and quivering hands raised to the heavens. Instead, she was a pleasant, unassuming lady in pearls and a blue dress, wearing a fur coat and hat against the winter's chill. I'd thought I'd have to elbow my way past hordes of suffering people to get near her. But an audience of no more than 30 met her at a local university. The crowd was an interesting mix of devout middle-aged women and young long-haired remnants of the counterculture. In her sweet, folksy manner, Mrs. Worrall simply told stories and showed some slides.

She was not there to perform stunts. Her role was that of a healer, and she talked in a casual, unaffected manner that made the most startling events sound commonplace. "I was speaking at a medical school, and this doctor took me aside and asked me to help a patient of his. They always come to me last; their attitude is why not try Auntie Olga, it can't hurt. The patient was 32 years old and was scheduled for an operation for a tumor in her stomach. So we went into this broom closet, and I put my hand on the patient's abdomen. The patient started crying that she was feeling a burning sensation. Several weeks later, they did a scan and there was no tumor. She's healthy as can be."

Her hundreds of dramatic healings over the

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Like a 14-year-old on a fevered search for forbidden books, I took to loitering in bookstores. I would ask the salesclerk in a low whisper, 'Excuse me, where's your occult book section?'

years have not been systematically documented, but, I learned later, those few journalists and scholars who've sought to confirm her healings by studying medical records and interviewing the patients' physicians have found some evidence that she delivers the goods.

I was still enough of a skeptic to wonder whether her healings were essentially the result of the "placebo effect," the patients' own faith in the treatment. (Placebos are inactive sugar pills matched against genuine drugs in drug experiments.)

After the lecture she announced that she would stand by the door to shake each audience member's hand. "Sometimes healings happen that way," she said as we scrambled to get into line. When my turn came, I reached out and shook her hand. I walked out, waiting for my back muscles to relax suddenly.

I was still waiting when I got to my car. I comforted myself with the knowledge that she had said that most of her healings aren't instantaneous. So a few days later, when my back was still bothering me, I thought I'd try out her absent healing powers. Earlier, when I had made a visit to her church in Baltimore, I'd signed my name and the names of a few friends in a guest book she prayed over. My prayers didn't help, but I'd thought I'd give it a second chance. Prayer seemed to me to be quite silly, although true believers and TV evangelists always claimed that it got results for them. If prayer actually worked, it had certain undeniable advantages over traditional medicine. There was no need to schedule appointments in advance; it could be done without the hassle of driving to a faraway place and finding a parking space; there were no tedious waiting room delays; and, above all, it was free. As Olga Worrall insisted, "God makes house calls." For someone who'd already spent hundreds of dollars seeking a cure for back pain, it held a certain modest appeal. I began my own experiment.

A few days later, I followed her prayer instructions, and soon I felt a distinct tingling in the right side of my back. When I got up, the pain was gone.

The next day some pain returned, but for me, even a day of relief was a miracle. I was a longtime veteran of "negative thinking," the kind of person with *reverse* placebo powers—the ability to make proven remedies fail. So if prayer could work for me, maybe there was something to this God business after all.

This was the beginning of a process that led me to feel that the burden of proof should rest on those who *didn't* believe. It occurred to me that some of those zealots who've accused science of narrow-mindedness through the ages may have been on to something. After all, science has hardly compiled an enviable record of infallibility. With their penchant for clinging to wrongheaded theories, scientists have often acted more like Keystone Kops than the heroic idols we've been taught to believe in absolutely. Over the years, leading scientific authorities have asserted that the earth was the center of the universe, that objects *wanted* to fall to earth, and that tiny men hid inside sperm cells. Even Einstein, now universally praised, was once ridiculed for his idea that space, time, and matter weren't absolutely separate entities.

This got me thinking that perhaps my experience with prayer, or the various laboratory experiments confirming the abilities of some psychics and faith healers, could be signs that another bizarre theory—God's existence—could turn out to be true. My mind, at least, had been opened to that possibility—which meant that I began to think seriously about matters I had ignored or scorned in the past.

Among them was the possibility of an afterlife. On the one hand, I'd always felt that an earthly life was more than enough for me; I didn't look forward to spending an eternity as Art Levine. On the other hand, I didn't relish the prospect of dying. I guess that has always been a personal quirk of mine. Thus I was willing to *consider* believing if there was any evidence available.

I began reading books and articles that I normally would have ignored. In some ways, I was like a 14-year-old kid on a fevered search for forbidden books. I took to loitering in bookstores and asking the salesclerk in a low whisper,

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'You've only got one life to live' is a fine slogan if your life is like a beer commercial but not so comforting if you're a beggar in Calcutta.

"Excuse me, where's your occult book section? Personally, I think it's all crazy, but a friend of mine is at home sick and asked me to buy her one of that kind of book." The clerk usually looked at me with withering contempt and pointed to a shelf along a far wall. I'd casually amble in that direction, stopping now and then to thumb through a few best sellers so as not to arouse the suspicions of the other customers. Then I'd finally reach my destination, usually nestled between books on religion and self-help. Glancing around to see if anyone was watching, I'd suddenly scoop up any paperback whose cover blared "IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?" With a pounding heart, I'd rush back to the cash register, buy a copy of *The Atlantic* to add respectability to my other purchase, and say, "Keep the change," as I hurried out the door.

I soon learned that there is a vast mystic underground in this country, a subculture built around information supposedly "channeled" from the "spirit world" by mediums. These paperbacks have gained a huge readership and spawned thousands of prayer groups by containing what purports to be advice and even gossip from the afterlife. They do not, I was surprised to discover, contain lucrative schemes designed to con readers to send money, or anything like that. Instead, these books and transcriptions underline a few basic moral and religious themes. They stress the divinity within all living things; the importance of love and service to one's fellow man; how our thoughts and attitudes create our own reality; and—here's the controversial part—the role of our conduct in "past lives" in shaping the circumstances of this life. In the world view promoted in these books, the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"—is not merely a nice-sounding phrase but the central dynamic of life. All in all, although the *form* of the messages (mediumship) may be faked, the *content* seems admirable and inspiring.

As I continued reading on the subject, I began to consider its moral implications. If there really is an afterlife, there may be a danger that one of my grandmothers will materialize and say, "So how come you're still not married?" But there is also the possibility of some sort of cosmic justice. Bad people will somehow be punished, and innocent ones rewarded. "You've only got one life to live" is a fine slogan if your life is like a beer commercial, but not so comforting if you're a beggar in Calcutta.

I eventually came to feel that a God without an afterlife wasn't much of a God at all. For Unitarians and deists, God seems to be a mellow sort who lets you "do your own thing" without inflicting consequences. Some people say they believe in God but feel that divine judgment is merely their personal assessment of their lives at the time of death. But if that's all we have to worry about, why bother to pray to God or change our conduct? The afterlife has been a part of virtually every world religion for a good reason: there isn't a God without it. For atheists, of course, the *apparent* absence of an afterlife is reason enough not to believe in God. But, I came to feel, anyone but the most closed-minded atheist at least ought to consider the possibility of an afterlife if he's at all interested in God.

Then there were the issues of suffering and evil. Many theologians say evil can be understood as a product of man's free will, a view that I accepted. But what about the suffering of the innocent?

In my own case, after studying certain psychic phenomena, the theory of reincarnation was what I ended up accepting. Reincarnation sounded pretty ridiculous, of course, but it was really no more unbelievable than the parting of the Red Sea or Christ's ascension to heaven. When it comes to religious beliefs, they all seem equally unreal. That isn't to say those beliefs may not actually be true.

And if reincarnation is true I figure that I have a lot of "karmic" debts to pay off. (Karma is a Hindu concept of divine cause and effect for all human conduct.) With the health and money problems I've had, I guess I might have been a greedy Nazi doctor in an earlier life.

But the point that's missed in all the supermarket tabloid stories on reincarnation—"I WAS A FRENCH QUEEN, SAYS LORETTA LYNN"—is the strict moral accounting that underlies the concept. How we treat others may affect not only others but eventually ourselves. With that principle in mind, it's possible that

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Brothers. Ben Shahn. 1946. The Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.

Nancy Reagan, in her next life, will be a starving Oriental seamstress, stitching crocodile hand bags for pennies a day.

But retribution is only one part of the picture. Noble and selfless conduct is rewarded, too. By helping those in need, we have the power to shape our current—and future—lives for the better.

At first I thought I would be instantly rewarded with total fitness and financial abundance merely for discovering God. My spiritual search resembled a rat scrambling around in a maze, so I imagined I'd get a big piece of cheese and heavenly applause for converting from atheism and finding the right path. No such luck. In those terms, it might appear my conversion didn't offer much. I'm still having back problems and I'm low on money. Every week, it seems, brings a new trauma. You won't see me on the "PTL Club" any time soon telling the world how God brought me a new Mercedes.

The difference for me is that my newly found faith helps me weather the disasters of life with a strong belief that (atheists now kindly close your eyes) *God loves me and things will work out.* Equally important, I now realize that I have a part to play, too. The challenge for me is to close the gap between my conduct and my beliefs, to live out my faith in my daily life. That, I'm learning, is even more arduous than finding God. □

According to the February 1982 issue of ***Esquire*** magazine, ***The Washington Monthly***'s editor, Charles Peters, is which of the following?

a. "Curmudgeonly"
b. "The Founding Father" and "the Godfather" of neoliberalism
c. The Democratic party's "ex officio cattle prod"
d. All of the above

The answer is **d.**

But then, if you have your own subscription to **The Washington Monthly,** you probably didn't need **Esquire** to tell you all that. If you don't, why not send us an order. Read firsthand what others are talking about.

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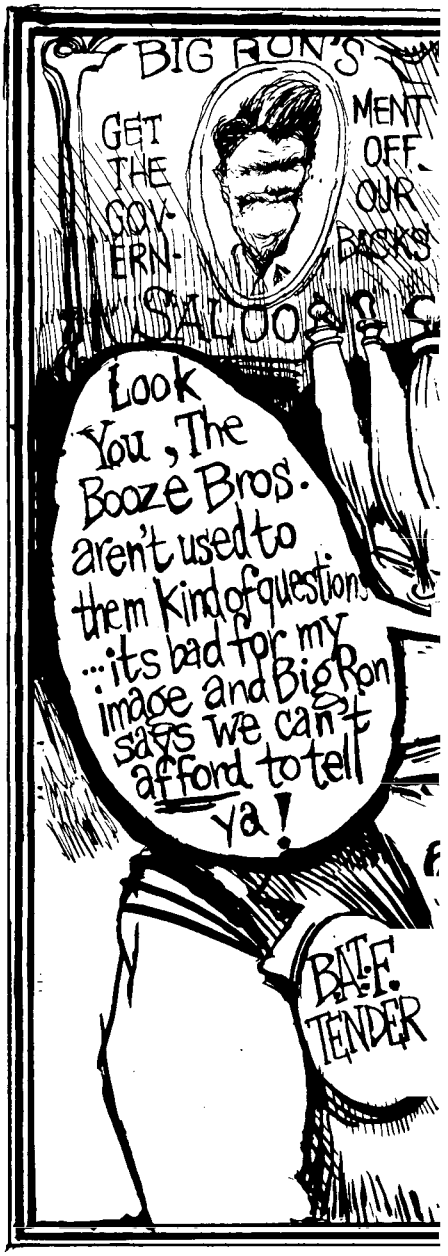
ADDITIVES ANONYMOUS

If you only go around once, you better know what's in your drink.

by Tom Hundley

It's late afternoon and the cowboy is thirsty after a hard day of punching cattle and cursing the government's environmental regulations. Entering his favorite watering hole, he sidles up to the bar to order his favorite brew—the one all the TV commercials say is made especially for cowpokes like him. He takes a long, deep draft, sets the bottle down, and suddenly notices something else. A new label. He looks closer, squinting in the dim bar light. Under "Ingredients" he sees at least a dozen lines of fine print. "Propylene glycol," he pronounces slowly. "A foam enhancer," volunteers Sid, the bartender. "Gallotannin," the cowboy continues. "A chill-proofing agent," Sid replies. "Potassium metabisulfite," he reads. "An antioxidant."

The cowboy orders a different brand of beer—the one whose drinkers have nothing better to do than hang glide or scuba dive all day long. More of those strange names that sound like something he sprays on his hayfields. Then another brand, whose imbibers always sit around warm fires in mountain cabins. More names. Desperate, he asks Sid for a bottle of whiskey. This list is even longer. "Whiskey, vodka, wine, beer, you name it, they all got them damn labels," Sid says. The cowboy begins to leave but then realizes he's still thirsty. "Why don't you just give me a glass of milk, Sid?" he drawls. "I think my drinking days are over."



All right, Rod Serling wouldn't have bought the script. But judging by its howls of protest, America's alcoholic beverage industry seems to think ingredient labeling will spawn an epidemic of abstinence that will reach from the chicest New York cocktail circuit to the corner bar. No matter that practically everything we eat, drink, rub on our heads and underarms, paint on our fingernails, and spray on our rashes is required to identify its major ingredients. While Aunt Jemima and Dr. Scholl's are forced to reveal their secrets, Miller and Jack Daniels needn't reveal theirs.

Before chalking this up to the government's uncanny ability to worry least about what it should worry about most—and vice versa—let's try to figure out exactly how this rare privilege was bestowed upon the liquor industry. How is it that the most widely abused drug in America is exempted from so simple a regulation? And how is it that just about every aspect of the sale, manufacture, and use of booze is strictly regulated except revealing what it actually contains?

Well, part of the reason the manufacturers of

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beer, wine, and spirits can thumb their noses at labeling requirements is simply bureaucratic: the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) is not allowed to regulate alcoholic beverages. This results from a seemingly sacrosanct understanding that anything having to do with alcohol belongs to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF), an arm of the Treasury Department better known for chasing moonshiners than for consumer advocacy.

That notwithstanding, in 1980 BATF actually produced a regulation—albeit a timid one—that would have required ingredient labeling on alcoholic beverages by 1983. How awful! the industry said. How cost-ineffective! But rescue was on the way. In 1981, with ginger ale punch at White House receptions a thing of the past, the Reagan administration quashed the regulation.

Reading the regulation's obituary last November, an administration spokesman said, "We are unable to conclude that the benefits to consumers of ingredient labeling for alcoholic beverages outweigh the costs that would be passed on to them as a result of the labeling requirement." The pro-

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nouncement echoed a letter sent to administration officials by 16 California congressmen (most of whom accepted handsome campaign contributions from the California wine industry) ridiculing ingredient labeling as "a classic example of unnecessary regulation for the sake of regulation—exactly what the Reagan Administration has pledged to recall."

A closer look, however, suggests that the decision to scrap the labeling regulation is a classic example of exactly the opposite—a good regulation getting mugged by a powerful industry that otherwise thrives on the federal government's protection.

'This Glycol's for You'

BATF first became involved in the ingredient labeling question in 1972, when a consumers' group asked the bureau to draw up a set of regulations or turn the job over to the FDA. The group also tried to persuade FDA to take the initiative, but FDA, observing good bureaucratic manners, said it had no intention of poaching. BATF promised to study the request.

After nine years of "study" and a couple of false starts, BATF adopted the regulation that was to become effective next year. It would have required labels on alcoholic beverages either to list the ingredients *or* to give an address where consumers could write to obtain a listing. That was all. It wasn't as if the industry had been asked to provide air bags for overindulgers. Consumer advocate Michael Jacobson, director of the Center for Science in the Public Interest, called the regulation "the most mealy-mouthed I have ever seen." The industry, however, reacted as if BATF was trying to reintroduce Prohibition. In fact, the industry labeled proponents of ingredient labeling "neo-Prohibitionists."

The industry's resistance to the labeling regulation is easy to understand. Why tamper with success? About $51 billion worth of alcoholic beverages is consumed each year by Americans and the industry believes that the pleasant aura of alcohol consumption created by advertising has a lot to do with it. Beers are supposed to be robust, filled with gusto and plenty of nature's finest ingredients. Whiskey is as American as Mom and apple pie. Wine comes from the very bosom of the harvest. Never mind that the Ernest & Julio Gallo plant in Modesto, California, looks more like an Exxon refinery than anyone's notion of a vineyard. The agreeable image of booze is something the industry spends a billion dollars a year to cultivate, and no one wants to clutter it up with a label full of chemical ingredients.

Ask the alcoholic beverage producers why their products should be excluded from labeling regulations and you often get a multiple choice reply: (a) our products are "natural" and contain no additives; (b) our products contain no *harmful* additives (not counting, of course, a few domestic wines that were once strained through asbestos filters, or the time in the sixties when several dozen U.S. and Canadian beer drinkers perished after drinking a brew laced with a cobalt sulfate foam enhancer); or (c) our products use *so many* different additives in the manufacturing process that it would be too complicated to put them all on the label.

The last explanation is the closest to the truth. Although beer labels frequently read like advertisements for health foods—"Born of natural ingredients" (Busch) or "Brewed from the finest malted barley, cereal grain, and selected hops" (Miller)—this is only a fraction of the story. BATF lists 61 different chemicals and additives that can be used in beer. For wine, BATF has approved more than a hundred chemicals and additives; for distilled spirits, the number is even greater. It's true that many of these additives are a normal part of the fermentation and distillation process and that most of them are removed from the final product. But why should alcoholic beverage producers be allowed to take the Fifth when asked to disclose which ingredients are used?

The industry's reply to this basic question is that customers don't need to know what's in the final product, that certain ingredients are trade secrets, and that none of the additives has ever been proved unsafe. Trust us, they say. One strong reason for *not* trusting them is that while the additives might be safe on their own, this is not necessarily true when they mix with alcohol. No toxicological testing has been done along these lines. And alcoholic beverages in general are not always free of carcinogens. Recall the scare a few years ago in Germany over the cancer-causing agent nitrosodimethlamine found in some beers.

The industry also argues that there's no public outcry for labeling regulations and that people actually don't want to know what they're drinking. One wine maker likened the "mystery" of his product to kissing: "When you kiss a woman, do you need to know the ingredients of her lipstick?" No, most of us don't. But in case we do, the lipstick manufacturers provide a label.

Contrary to the industry's protestations, existing labeling regulations are undeniably popular with customers. People with allergies can easily

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avoid troublesome products. And when questions are raised about certain additives—saccharin, for instance—consumers at least are forewarned. Labeling also has sharpened consumer awareness of junk food—just ask the manufacturers of heavily sugared breakfast cereals.

Of course, the industry's favorite argument is cost—that the regulations are just another sinister attempt by big government to soak a group of hard-working producers, not to mention consumers. The overall industry estimate for labeling is $74 million a year. The beer industry, which claims about 51 percent of the market, estimates an initial investment of $18 million, with annual costs of $16.5 million. The distilled spirits industry, with a 37 percent market share, says its start-up costs would be about $17 million, with an annual cost of $12 million. The wine industry, with the smallest market segment—about 12 percent—estimates that its initial investment would be about $5 million but that its annual costs would be a whopping $45 million.

How could you possibly spend $45 million a year on a lousy little label? Well, for openers, we're told that 60 percent of that amount would be spent on advertising. The wine industry says it would have to spend an extra $25 million each year to offset the negative impact of ingredient disclosure and reeducate the public about the virtues of wine. You can see it now: Orson Welles sits by a roaring fire in his smoking jacket, leers at the camera, and says, "We'll sell no wine before we add benzaldehyde."

'Here's to Good Additives'

But the industry didn't rely exclusively on these arguments when it went to Washington. No, there was another problem it claimed the regulation would create—something the liquor, wine, and beer barons said would be very onerous indeed. The industry's ace in the hole was the cost of *printing and redesigning new labels,* which was said to be almost equal to the cost of extra advertising—about $20 million a year. At those prices, you'd figure the wine industry would normally change labels about as frequently as popes change religions. Hardly. Without any ingredient labeling regulation, BATF normally processes about 70,000 applications a year for new labels or changes on existing ones. Wine labels, especially on the more expensive bottles, change with each vintage year and grape variety.

Vintners, who were more vehement than the brewers or the distillers in opposing the regulation, say the cost of ingredient labeling would fall hardest on the small vineyards that produce some of the better wines. But at least one small-scale

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producer—Walter Taylor, the proprietor of Bully Hill Vineyards in upstate New York and an industry gadfly—is proof to the contrary. (Taylor, whose grandfather founded the now-giant Taylor vineyards in upstate New York, was fired from the family company in 1970 for making disparaging remarks about the quality of Taylor products after the company was acquired by Coca-Cola.) The Bully Hill labels already list ingredients, and Taylor says it hasn't cost him a dime.

Although the alcoholic beverage industry as a whole has been nearly unanimous in its denunciations of ingredient labeling, not all of the exceptions were disgruntled iconoclasts like Walter Taylor. Anheuser-Busch, the nation's largest brewer, supported the regulation. The makers of Budweiser felt that ingredient labeling would give them a competitive advantage. "Let's put it this way," explained a company spokesman. "Our ingredient list would have been very, very brief." The company said that listing ingredients on the label would be "a relatively simple procedure," and that there were "no major concerns about logistics or expense."

But let's assume for the moment that Anheuser-Busch is just saying that to make John Madden, Rodney Dangerfield, and the other Miller people look bad. Let's assume, for the sake of argument, that the industry's official figure for how much the regulation would cost—$74 million a year—is accurate. Assume, too, that per normal business practice, the figure will be about double that by the time it gets passed on to the consumer—call it $140 million. This breaks down to about three-tenths of a penny per six-pack of beer; a penny for a quart bottle of bourbon or vodka; and four cents for a bottle of wine. Hardly an amount that's going to cause a stampede to soft drinks.

Remember also that the cost figures are based on the premise that ingredient labels would go somewhere on the bottle or can. But the proposed regulation—yes, the same one the industry and the Reagan administration considered so burdensome—gave a choice: give a list of ingredients or simply an address. The cost of processing and mailing replies to consumer requests for ingredient information is estimated *by the industry* to be only $3 million a year. After all, how often is the normal beer drinker's curiosity going to be so overwhelming he'll plunk down a 20-cent stamp to find out what's in his favorite brew?

One of the familiar responses of a business about to be regulated is that it is always willing to comply "voluntarily." In fact, that word has become a touchstone of the Reagan deregulation effort. But when the Center for Science in the Public Interest, the group that made the original request for labeling regulations, sent out letters asking for specific ingredient information, you can guess the response. Of the 75 breweries, wineries, and distilleries contacted, three provided the information, three others acknowledged the letters but provided no details, and the other 69 threw the requests into the circular file.

Soon after BATF announced it was eliminating the labeling rule, the Treasury Department announced that it was eliminating BATF. That's right. As part of Reagan's attack on Big Government, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms will go out of business this spring. Responsibility for regulating the alcoholic beverage industry, however, will not be handed over to the FDA; it will apparently go to the U.S. Customs Service, another branch of the Treasury.

✢✢

So far, all of this has the makings of your typical Grade B western movie. A brave, scrappy industry stands up to the bullying of a sinister federal agency. Against high odds and the tide of public opinion, the industry not only forces the agency to flee in terror but watches as it gets run over by a train.

So there should be rejoicing in the breweries and vineyards of America, right? Wrong. The industry reaction to the death of BATF is just short of panic. You see, BATF kept a sharp eye on the industry in order to squelch fake advertising. It also regulated relations between producers, wholesalers, and retailers in such a way as to bar a number of practices that could lead to more spirited competition for the customer's dollar. In other words, BATF has helped provide the secure, well-regulated environment that has enabled the industry to prosper and grow. And for this the industry is deeply grateful, especially since the full cost of these services—about $16 million a year—is picked up by taxpayers.

So industry lobbyists who just a few months ago were sticking knives in BATF are now pleading for its life. They warn of mayhem in the marketplace if there is a regulatory lapse and the government no longer maintains the "integrity" of label and advertising claims. After all, how else will anyone stop those despicable competitors whose all-natural ingredients are laced with preservatives and whose mountain-fresh spring water really originates in the lower reaches of the Hudson River? □

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Tidbits & Outrages

Reaganomics Meets Rodeo Drive, Part IV

The following ad appeared recently in *The Wall Street Journal:*

If your company still plans to pay taxes in 1981, you obviously don't know enough about the new tax law.

The new tax law allows your company to benefit from the substantial credits and deferrals offered by equipment leasing, with the assurance that the tax savings will be unchallengeable.

By creating a "safe harbor" the law has eliminated any risk of using equipment leasing as a tax savings device. That's why the largest U.S. banks and corporations are now aggressively acquiring equipment leases.

Why shouldn't you? If your company is planning to pay over $100,000 in 1981 federal taxes, there has never been a better time to talk to us about our equipment leasing program.

Let us put the law to work for you. We have the experience and resources to tailor a program to meet your company's specific needs.

If you want to learn more about why the new tax bill makes such interesting reading, call or write.

ARBOUR

Intelligence, competence, and talent have nothing to do with it

Susan Alvarado, Vice President George Bush's 27-year-old, $42,000-a-year legislative assistant, told *The Washington Post* that in order to be taken seriously in Washington your business card must be embossed.

Assuming, of course, that the senators are embossed

Alvarado, who regularly plays tennis with key Republican senators, added, "I used to laugh because some of these guys, appearance-wise, are a 5. All of a sudden, you attach a Congressman or a Senator to his name, and he immediately goes up to a 7 or 8."

Brookings wants the same ratio when the Democrats come back

The Reagan administration includes 24 people from the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think-tank that employs 185. The Reagan administration also includes 24 Hispanics, an ethnic group of more than 14 million.

She Practices What She Preaches

Environmental Protection Agency administrator Anne M. Gorsuch drives a 1982 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency Brougham as her official car. The car's auto emission level makes it one of the biggest polluters of any model put out this year.

And when Ralph Lauren gets home, he puts on Hush Puppies

The salad chef at Washington's deluxe Le Pavillon revealed recently that his favorite dressing is Seven Seas Creamy Caesar.

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PHONEGATE!

One Call for the Price of Two

by Jim Henderson

If the recent settlement of the antitrust case has made you suspect the possibility of collusion between AT&T and the government, wonder no longer. I have found the smoking gun.

It all began when I had to place a long distance call to the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C.

"What city?" the information operator asked.

"Washington, D.C."

"This is Washington, D.C. Go ahead, please."

"The Federal Communications Commission, please."

"That number is 655-4000."

I hung up and dialed 1-202-655-4000. A male voice answered, "U.S. government."

"Is this the FCC?"

"No," he said. "This is the government operator."

"I'm calling the FCC."

"That number is 632-7260."

Wait a minute. It occurred to me that the Bell System operator had given me a wrong number.

"I just asked the Bell operator for the FCC, and she gave me 655-4000," I told him.

"That is the main government number," he said.

"I didn't want the main government number. I wanted the FCC."

"Well," he said, somewhat impatiently, "we answer for them."

"Okay," I said, "I need to know about the status of federal regulation of cable television access channels."

"You'll have to call the FCC," he said, more impatiently.

"I thought you answer for them."

"We answer at this number, which is the main government number, and give out the numbers of the different agencies."

"Why don't you just transfer me?" I asked.

"I can't do that. You'll have to hang up and dial the number I gave you," he said.

The scheme was taking shape. To get an agency number, you have to call the Bell operator, who gives you a wrong number, which you have to call, at a cost of maybe 75 cents a minute, to get the right number.

"You're telling me," I argued, "that in order to make one long distance call to the FCC, I'll have to pay for two long distance calls."

He said, "You want to talk to my supervisor?"

She came on the line. "Who are you calling?"

"The FCC."

"That number is . . ."

Jim Henderson is a reporter for The Dallas Times-Herald.

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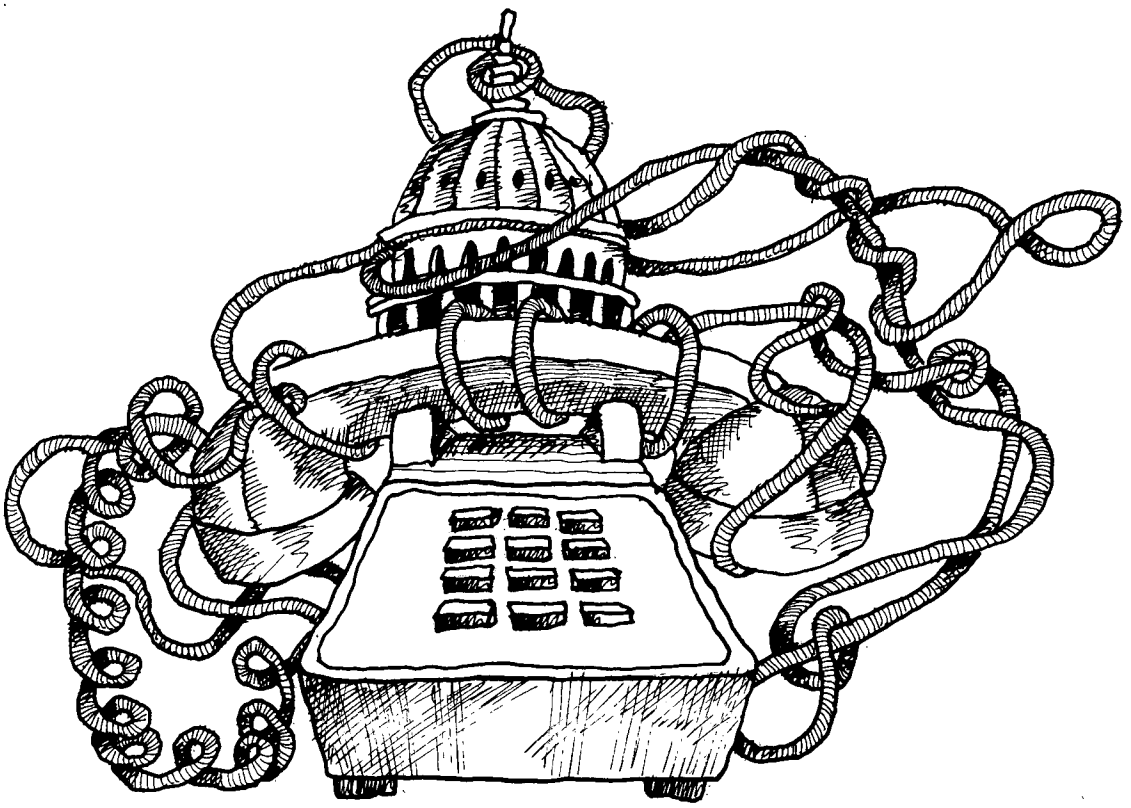

"I know that number. I want to know why the phone company gave me your number when I asked for the FCC's."

"Because we answer for them."

"Then can you answer questions about cable television regulation?"

"No, you'll have to call the FCC."

"Why can't you transfer me?"

"I'm sorry, this is the main government number. You'll have to call the FCC direct."

At that point I figured I owed the Bell System roughly the price of a six-pack, and I had accomplished nothing except learn the FCC's phone number.

I hung up and dialed D.C. directory assistance again.

"I want the General Services Administration," I told the operator. The GSA is responsible for government phone lines.

"That number is 655-4000."

"No, it isn't. That's the main government number. I want the GSA."

She said, "Sir, 655-4000 is the number for all government offices."

"You mean nowhere in your files or your computers is there a number for the GSA?"

"Sir, I can give you the main government number, and they can give you the number for the GSA."

I hung up and dialed the main government number. This time a woman answered.

"Is this the GSA?"

"This is the government operator."

"Can you believe that I just asked the Bell operator for the GSA, and she gave me your number?"

She said, "We answer for them."

"Transfer me to the GSA."

"I can't do that. You'll have to call that agency direct." She recited the number.

What happened immediately after that has been lost in one of those curious memory fogs. Maybe I threatened to plant bombs here and there. Maybe I threatened to hold my breath for three days. Whatever it was, it worked, and she agreed to "try" to transfer me to the GSA.

A man from GSA came on the line. He had a middle management baritone.

"Why do I have to pay for two long distance calls to reach a government agency?" I inquired.

He said, "It probably has something to do with the size of the federal government."

That explanation seemed to satisfy him. If you can reach a small government with one call, why shouldn't a big government require two?

continued on page 52

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Welfare My Lovely

by Nick Cullather

Last week Rep. E. Thomas Coleman (R-Mo.), whose Kansas City District was the scene recently of a major food stamp probe, introduced a bill that would give the food stamp investigators the right to carry weapons, make arrests and execute search warrants.

"We do a lot of undercover work and obviously this kind of thing throws these agents into hazardous situations," said Robert E. Magee, assistant IG for investigations in Agriculture.

—*Washington Post,* September 30, 1981

The sign on the door read "Department of Human Resources, Social Services Division," but I had my doubts, as I eyed the collection of human resources lounging in the dingy foyer, that there was anything social about the place. A smile and a wink from behind the desk changed my mind. Patty Repenn was the kind of receptionist this joint needed to brighten it up, the kind with lapis lazuli eyes and a shape to send Pygmalion back to the quarries for another try. I gave her a well-placed pat to catch her attention.

"Anyone in there?" I jerked my thumb in the direction of my office.

"Bianca Ramirez, a looker."

"Hispanic?"

"She'd like you to think so. Says she has four dependents and no significant other, at least not here."

I smoothed out a wrinkle in her lapel and strode through a door marked "Rip Blake, Caseworker." Bianca Ramirez was one of those cafe au lait skinned girls who could keep Central America in perpetual unrest. Jet black tresses poured from her head and cloyed at the neckline of her chemisette, which was pulled up over her knee to display a pair of calves even Moses would have worshipped. She looked at me out of java-colored eyes rimmed with mascara. I pulled out the bottle I keep in the top desk drawer for everyday use, poured off three fingers, and adopted the tone I reserve for clients who do things to me.

"Help you?" I lit a cigarette and watched it burn down.

Nick Cullather is an undercover agent for the U.S. Metric Board.

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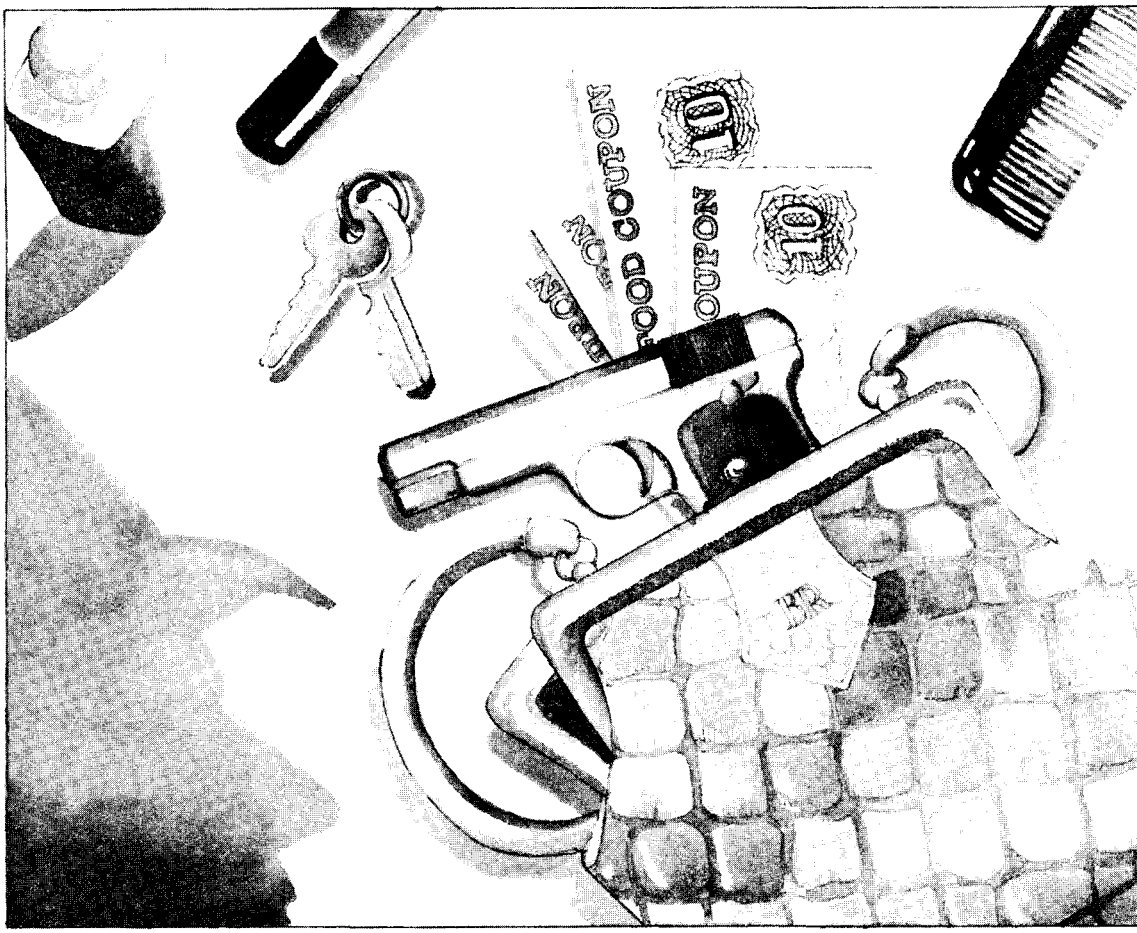

ILLUSTRATION BY RENEE GETTIER-STREET

"It's my husband. He left town because he couldn't find a job, and he knew we could get better welfare if he wasn't around. You know, AFDC."

She was right. I knew AFDC, but I wasn't telling *her* that. You don't stay a caseworker for eight years by giving things away free.

"He used to come here to get food stamps. Used to see a guy named Happel."

If she hadn't been pushing her face into a handkerchief at that moment, she might have seen me change hue to match my collar. Bert Happel and I had been partners from social work school until he retired last month with a .38 slug between his ribs. Bert never carried his Human Services-issue revolver, but the welfare baron who got his last visit wasn't so polite. And the river didn't leave any traces.

"Mrs. Ramirez . . ."

"Call me Bianca." I leaned forward in a pose we caseworkers use to register concern. She did the same until our faces nearly touched over my vinyl desk pad.

"Kiss me, you brute." I bussed her full on her lush, red mouth and felt her body yield until I had to prop it up with a Federal Register under each armpit. From this close her eyes didn't exactly look careworn, and she was letting off a smell that retailed at 35 frogskins a half ounce.

"Do I get the transfer payments?" She breathed the words against my cheek. I answered with a grunt that might have been yes and took another look at those gams as she got up to leave. Anyone who abandoned a Bianca Ramirez for a few extra benefits wouldn't get a job from me either. I pulled the file on "Ramirez, Manuel" and shuffled through the standard forms, all in order, except for an address in Happel's scrawl on a corner of one: 223 North Meridian, a classy place to be found on the back of a welfare form. I looked at the intake date: October 2, the day Happel's life insurance company lost its gamble.

Dropping the sheaf on Repenn's desk on my way out, I hopped into my coupe and pointed its hood ornament toward Meridian Street. Two twenty-three was done up in fake-Tudor style. The sculptured hedges, cocktail patio, and adjoining hothouse would have told a toddler that

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this was prime property. Several three-year-olds called my attention to that fact as I walked up the drive. "Nice real estate," one remarked. "Prime."

I mashed the bell and read the rubric over the mailbox: Carlota Taylor. The Oriental maid who answered the door looked scared as I pushed past her into the house. The marble floor had to be imported, and you could have floated a yawl in the sunken living room, but these things didn't interest me. Dropping a cigarette ash on a Persian rug, I inquired after the kitchen. Working quickly, I took inventory of the cupboards and helped myself to the cooking sherry before deciding my next move.

No sooner did the automatic doors of the A&P shut behind me than I had my second look at Bianca Ramirez. Resplendent in ocelot stole and bias-cut basic black, she was dressed to make a bishop kick out a stained-glass window. But that wasn't why every galoot in the check-out line was giving her the eye. Not only was Ramirez choking the ten-items-or-less line with $61 worth of produce; she was paying with food stamps. I got close enough to sniff that $35 fragrance before announcing myself in a low voice.

"You've dropped your last food coupon, Bianca. Or should I say Carlota?"

"You—how could you know?"

"There's a house on Meridian Street with no imported meat or luxury goods in the kitchen. Know why? Because you can't buy those things with these." I waved a book of stamps in her face. "Your husband didn't vamoose. He was murdered so that you could qualify for AFDC. Bert Happel started to catch on, so you had him put on ice, too. It was a good plan until you got greedy. You bought a big house under a fake name and tried to get more welfare. But you didn't count on me." On the word "me" she drew a blue steel automatic from her purse. Mine came out first. The pill creased her wrist and would have shattered a display window if a grocery boy hadn't prevented it. Ramirez sagged into my arms, and I could feel her fremitus as she spoke.

"Rip, you loved me—once."

"Listen. You'll never understand me, but I'll try once, and we'll give it up. It happens we're in the welfare business, and in this business, when a man's partner is killed, he's supposed to do something about it. If he doesn't, it's bad all around—bad for the organization, bad for every caseworker everywhere." I was interrupted by Lieutenant Pat Murphy from the 42nd Precinct.

"I heard the shots and figured it was another welfare job. Your third this week, isn't it?" Two other officers had clapped the darbies on Mrs. Ramirez and were leading her off to a new life as I struggled for something pithy to say.

"Stay on the force, Murph. Welfare's too hazardous." Then I walked out into the night.□

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continued from page 49

Anyway, I was prepared to let the whole thing drop at that point. The days and weeks came and went. The suspicions of conspiracy wilted and died. Then suddenly last week I had to call the federal government again.

"This is Washington, D.C. Go ahead, please."

"I need the Selective Service System."

"The number is 724-0424."

Right away I recognized I hadn't been given the main government number but the Selective Service System's very own personal and private telephone number. Free. No preliminary calls at my own expense. No middle man. I would have to pay for only one phone call.

I dialed 1-202-724-0424, and a pleasant-sounding woman answered.

"This is the Selective Service System's national headquarters in Washington, D.C. . . ."

"I would like some information about . . ."

She kept talking. ". . . Young men are required by law to register for the Selective Service System within 30 days of their eighteenth birthday. . . ."

A recording. The Bell operator had given me the number of a recording. The only information of value on the recording was—you guessed it—724-0419, the real number of the Selective Service Administration. But to get it I had to listen to a one minute and twenty-three-second recording.

I called my local operator and said, "How much is a one minute and twenty-three-second phone call to Washington, D.C.?"

"Person to person?"

"Station to station."

"One dollar and eight cents."

If that's not a conspiracy, what is? □

"WHEN SOVIET misbehavior simply gets too outrageous even for liberals to ignore, we are warned against 'overreacting'—which covers most forms of reacting. Note, too, the proliferation of liberal defense 'experts' who hibernated through the Soviet military buildup of the Seventies, but who rush forth at the first sign of a belated American response to caution us against starting 'a new arms race'."

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WHO'S WHO in the Administration

Back in October, we reported that in truth **Edwin Meese** was not the "President Meese" he was cracked up to be in *The Washington Post* and other papers. Now Meese's decline in influence is clear to the press. The best sign of it is that as late as early December he still believed Richard Allen would be back on the job.

Allen's recent replacement as national security adviser, **William P. Clark,** is the new beneficiary of press adulation. The fact that in his Senate confirmation hearings last year for deputy secretary of state he displayed total ignorance of foreign policy was a mere footnote to most accounts of his NSC appointment. The focus was on his "impressive bureaucratic skills," which in this case meant little more than an ability to humor Alexander Haig. Karen Elliot House of *The Wall Street Journal* set the tone for the coverage when she suggested that Clark represents "an old-boy combination of sagacity and affability."

One reason for all the good press was that reporters were glad to see an unsavory character like Allen go. But another reason has to do with a subconscious desire to stay on the good side of whoever seems to be on the way up. Someone like Clark gets good press not because he necessarily deserves it but because he is perceived to be increasingly powerful. At the same time, someone like Ed Meese now gets bad press (he's called "disorganized") because he's perceived as on the way down. You don't read much about "sagacious" officials sliding down or "disorganized" officials moving up, though it happens all the time.

In

WHITE HOUSE

National Security Adviser—**William P. Clark** has been deputy secretary of state.

Deputy Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**M. B. Oglesby** has been on the staff of the White House Office of Congressional Liaison.

Staff Director for the First Lady—**James S. Rosebush** has been a special assistant to the president.

Chairman, Bipartisan Task Force on Social Security Reform—**Alan Greenspan** served as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Ford.

STATE

Deputy Secretary—**Walter J. Stoessel, Jr.,** has been undersecretary of state for political affairs.

Undersecretary for Political Affairs—**Lawrence Eagleburger** has been assistant secretary of state for European affairs.

Assistant Secretary for Legislative Affairs—**Powell A. Moore** has been deputy assistant to the president for legislative affairs.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Commodity Futures Trading Commission
Member—**Kalo A. Hineman** is a Kansas cattleman and farmer.

Environmental Protection Agency
Assistant Administrator for Policy and Resource Management—**James W. Sanderson** has been a partner in the Denver law firm of Saunders, Snyder, Ross and Dickson.

Interstate Commerce Commission
Member—**J. J. Simmons III** has been vice-president for government relations at Amerada Hess Corporation, an oil company.

Federal Election Commission
Member—**Joan D. Aikens** served until early last year in another seat on the FEC.

Member—**Danny Lee McDonald** has been general administrator of the Oklahoma Corporation Commission.

Member—**Lee Ann Elliot** was vice-president of Bishop and Bryant, a political consulting firm in Washington.

Federal Reserve Board
Vice Chairman—**Preston Martin** served as chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board from 1962 to 1972.

Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service
Director—**Kenneth E. Moffett** helped mediate the major league baseball players' strike last summer.

Out

WHITE HOUSE

National Security Adviser—**Richard Allen** resigned at the request of President Reagan.

Deputy Director of Presidential Personnel—**Richard D. Shelby** will become national campaign director for the Republican National Committee.

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Deputy Commissioner, Social Security Administration—**Robert J. Myers,** who helped design social security in 1934, resigned, citing disagreements with civil servants at the Office of Management and Budget.

FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD

Vice-Chairman—**Frederick H. Schultz** will return to his hometown of Jacksonville, Florida.

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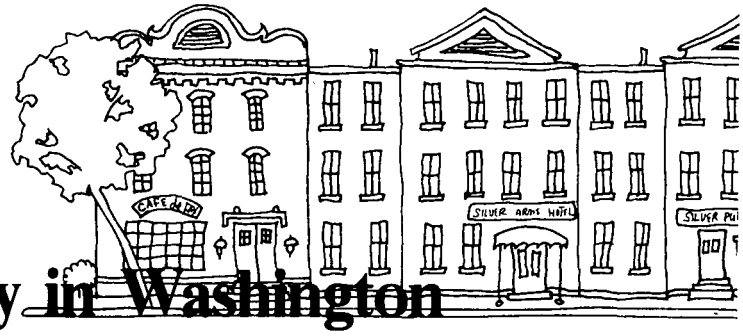

Where to Stay in Washington

Woodley Park

You'll find just as many people with name tags as residents in this neighborhood; Woodley Park is the home of the Sheraton and the Shoreham, two of Washington's most popular convention hotels. It's an attractive and convenient area just off Connecticut Avenue, overlooking Rock Creek Park. The nearby metro stop means downtown is only moments away. The hotels are also close to the zoo, and the neighborhood shops and restaurants provide a nice retreat from the hotel bustle.

Sheraton Washington, 2660 Woodley Road, N.W., (202) 328-2000, (800) 325-3535. The Sheraton bills itself as "one of the largest combined hotel-convention/exhibition facilities in the United States," and it certainly lives up to that claim—you'll need a map and your own personal tour guide to find your way around. With 1,505 rooms, 38 meeting rooms, three exhibition halls, four restaurants, two outdoor heated pools, and a potpourri of shops, the Sheraton is the quintessential self-contained convention hotel. The main hotel is ultramodern, with an atrium of chrome and glass accentuated by plants, green marble, and a skylight designed by the architects of the National Air and Space Museum. The guest rooms, although spacious and comfortable, overstep the boundary between contemporary design and stark modernity; everything is a tad too sterile. All rooms have small parlor areas, shower massages, and complimentary closed-circuit television. Singles, $75-$95; doubles, $90-$105; one-bedroom suites, $160-$255; two-bedroom suites, $240-$335.

In contrast, the elegant, 64-year-old Wardman Tower, which was once the home of Supreme Court justices and vice-presidents, is graced with French and English antiques. It is being renovated and this fall will become the Sheraton's "Executive Tower," with prices—and amenities (mints on your pillow, concierge service, et al.)—to match. But for now rates are the same as for the rest of the hotel.

Four restaurants surround the atrium: **Americus** is expensive, serving strictly American fare for lunch, dinner, and Sunday brunch; the European-style **Courtyard Cafe,** on the atrium, serves three moderately priced meals; **20th Century** is a gourmet cafeteria; and **L'Express** is a stand-up snack bar. **Wolfgang's,** a bakery, will be opening soon. The **Early Light** offers live entertainment nightly.

Parking is $5 a night. Children under 17 are free, and an extra person in a room costs $15. Weekend rates provide a room for up to four people for $50 a night, and there are two weekend family packages.

Shoreham, 2500 Calvert Street, N.W., (202) 234-0700, (800) 228-2121. Right across the street from the Sheraton, the Shoreham is going through some badly needed renovation in an effort to restore its earlier reputation as "the Grand Hotel of the nation's capital." At the end of this month, the lobby and the **Marquee Lounge,** where political satirist Mark Russell won local fame, will have been totally renovated in grand style. The guest rooms, which have suffered from a series of haphazard redecorations, are also being completely refurbished. Renovations in the hotel's 770 rooms will be completed this fall, but before then you can (and should) request a renovated room. Singles, $65-$90; doubles, $77-$102; one-bedroom suites, $95-$175; two-bedroom suites (some of which have unequipped kitchens), $161-$400. Parking is $4 a night. There's no charge for children under 12, and a third adult in a room costs $10. Thirty-four meeting rooms can accommodate from 10 to 2,100 people. Other attractions include an outdoor pool, three clay tennis courts, a sauna, a boutique, an oriental antique shop, an art gallery, and the **Garden Court** for cocktails and the Marquee Lounge for drinks and entertainment. You can choose between two restaurants—the expensive **New Leaf,** which serves only dinner, or the more moderately priced **Cafe Expresso** for all three meals. The weekend package includes a two-night stay and breakfast each morning for $94, single, and $104, double. A three-night package, available any time during the week, also includes breakfast at $129, single, $144, double. Both packages will accommodate children under 16 for free. Connected to the main hotel is a motor inn with 100 contemporary-style rooms; rates are the same as for the rest of the hotel.

—Donna Fenn

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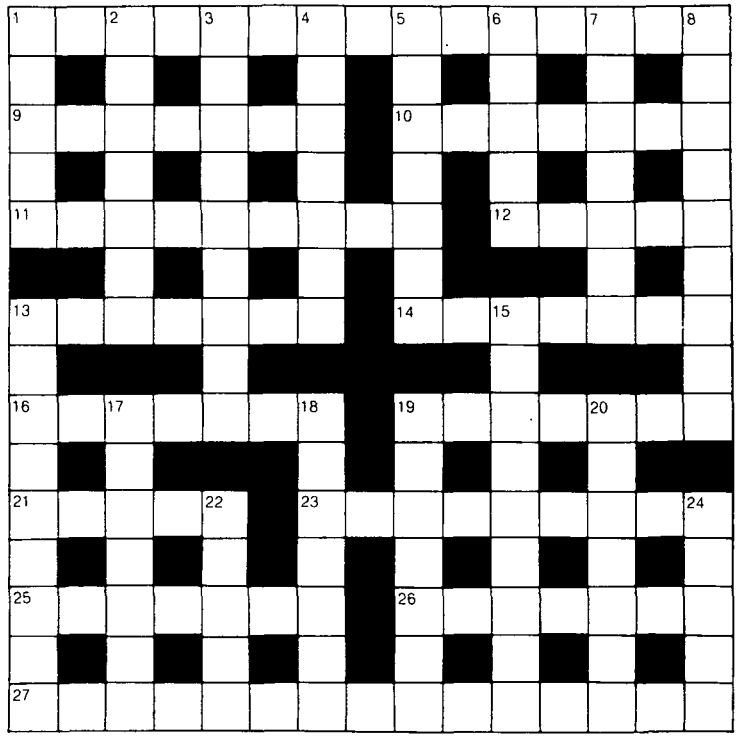
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



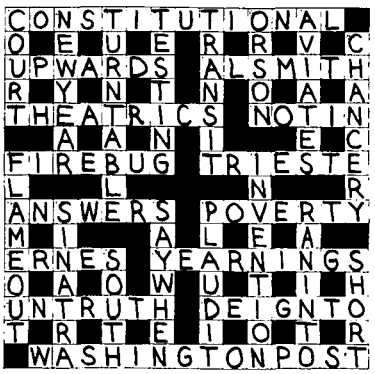
ACROSS

1. Anti-Russian group makes ancient laws reel. (7,8)
9. Make tea appear around a protective wall. (7)
10. Mink god organized territory. (7)
11. They are out in back to let star come down. (9)
12. Fifty in the streets of Paris demonstrate for law and order. (5)
13. Hear Kay around a farm implement. (7)
14. Supervise loosely nothing severe. (7)
16. Man who says "No!" disturbing to Regan. (7)
19. Struggles about power? (7)
21. Lengths of tracts? (5)
23. Loses intricate semi-clasp. (9)
25. Ace diet prescribed cold drink. (4,3)
26. What the deaf do—predial broadcast. (3-4)
27. Declaration about festering center promotes mutuality. (15)

DOWN

1. Cleaned up math symbol in natural moisture. (5)
2. My crisp arrangement is too sparse. (7)
3. Looking for good news when pecan text is deciphered. (9)
4. Kind of salts that are tint-affected. (7)
5. Strangely Ike lost desires. (5,2)
6. Tube or circle. (5)
7. Take lumps from the battered soul end. (7)
8. Trappers get Hermes mixed up inside three points. (9)
13. Elizabeth's father was oft wed too. (5,4)
15. Wrapped up in awkward, deep novel. (9)
17. Leonard hanging out in sugar-menthol warehouse. (7)
18. Force servant on the warpath? (7)
19. Determination to be ever up around the sun going down. (7)
20. Place to announce 50 recent disturbances. (7)
22. Trays set up for God in woods. (5)
24. Edge up to deli's concoction. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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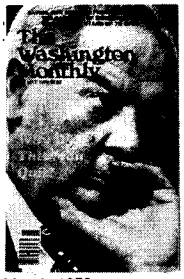

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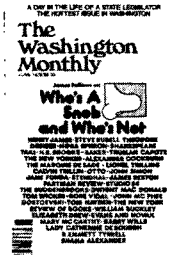
Amtrak: The Wreck We Have to Fix
Why We Can't Stand Up to OPEC



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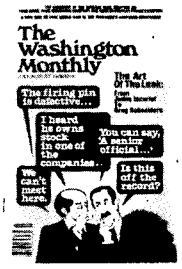

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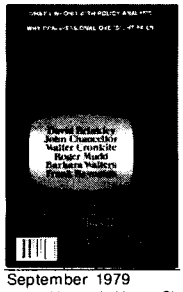

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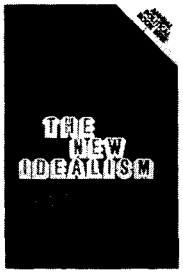

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Teaching the Colleges a Lesson
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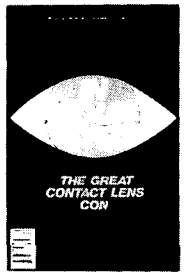

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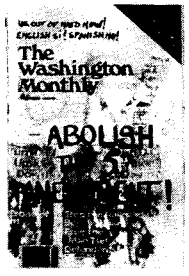

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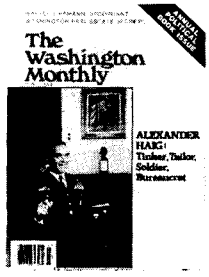
Abolish the Fifth Amendment
Scenes from a Political Marriage
The Case Against NATO
English, Si—Spanish, No



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They Were Wrong About *The Brethren*
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Political Booknotes

Another Chance: Postwar America, 1945-1968. *James Gilbert. Temple Univ. Press, $17.95.*

Beyond Greed: The Hunts and Their Silver Bubble. *Stephen Fay. Viking, $15.95.* Remember two years ago when almost everybody seemed to be frantically combing their attics for Grandmother's sterling silver set—and then melting it down for $50 an ounce? Silver was high not because it was scarce but because two sons of the late Texas oil billionaire H. L. Hunt—Bunker and Herbert—were trying to corner the world's silver market.

There's a great story behind this audacious—and ultimately unsuccessful—scheme. A novelist couldn't ask for better characters, from the Hunt brothers themselves—one a paranoid John Bircher, the other a health food faddist—to the numerous Arab sheiks and greedy businessmen who brought financial near-ruin to the nation's second largest brokerage firm and momentary panic to Wall Street.

Unfortunately, British author Fay's style is calculated to defeat even the most intrepid reader. There are annoying factual errors (Idaho Senator Steve Symms is certainly no Democrat) and horrifying cliches (Nelson Bunker Hunt "was born with a silver spoon in his mouth").

More bothersome are Fay's frequent confessions of ignorance about the financial world and his insistence on walking the reader through many dreary pages of explanation and history before getting to the real story.

Fay has a good eye for anecdotes, and most of the appropriate lessons certainly can be drawn from this account: the surprising ease by which the Hunts manipulated the marketplace, the distressing lapses of federal regulatory authorities, and the failure of the market to police itself as so many of its members profited handsomely from the Hunts's machinations. But interested readers would be better advised to start with L. J. Davis's excellent two-part series on the Hunts in the April and May 1981 issues of *Harper's.*

—*Phil Keisling*

Bitter Fruit: The Untold Story of the American Coup in Guatemala. *Stephen Schlesinger, Stephen Kinzer. Doubleday, $14.95.*

The Global Politics of Arms Sales. *Andrew J. Pierre. Princeton, $20/ $5.95.*

Hollywood Red: The Autobiography of Lester Cole. *Ramparts Press, $12.95.* Lester Cole was one of the "Hollywood Ten" jailed by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1950 for asserting their constitutional rights and refusing to testify. A founder of the Screenwriters Guild, Cole would later be blacklisted in Hollywood, forced to work under an assumed name, and investigated by the FBI for years.

Though Cole never renounced his Communist party membership, the "subversive" elements he worked into his scripts hardly seem a threat to any constitution. Ayn Rand, testifying to the House committee, cited as damning evidence a Cole line that read "share and share alike, that's democracy." Producers worried that scripts showing Jewish prisoners fighting Nazis, or a Mexican revolutionary (a part written especially for Ricardo Montalban) would be politically controversial, until, that is, they became moneymakers.

Those who favored blacklisting missed the point that no matter what infected the writers, the studios had a strong faith in *their* ideology, box-office receipts. Communism could have subverted this hotbed of capitalism only if droves of moviegoers had stayed away from Hope and Crosby to catch the latest film from Czechoslovakia.

—*Michael Hiestand*

The Imperial Rockefeller: A Biography of Nelson A. Rockefeller. *Joseph Persico. Simon & Schuster, $16.50.*

MacArthur in Korea: The Naked Emperor. *Robert Smith. Simon & Schuster, $17.50.*

The New Inflation: The Collapse of Free Markets. *W. David Slawson. Princeton, $16.50.*

The Refused: The Agony of the Indochina Refugees. *Barry Wain. Simon & Schuster, $16.50.* Wain seems torn between, on the one hand, racialist stereotypes of the problem (one refugee smuggler looked like a "typical Chinese"), where the outflow of refugees from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia is a "Terry and The Pirates" cartoon missing only the Dragon Lady, and, on the other, the harsh conclusion that communism's triumph brought new misery and not relief to the suffering people of Indochina.

He overwhelms the reader with facts—names of Chinese middlemen in Singapore, numbers of Saigon households registered as traders by Hanoi after 1975—but presents most of them without explanation of their significance. While this method may suitably display the author's openmindedness, letting the reader draw conclusions from a neutral record, it masks a hidden thesis that the refugee outflow from Indochina is no reason to develop a visceral distaste for communist regimes.

He does recognize Pol Pot as a butcher, but he gives the Vietnamese communists credit for acting on an understandable, situational morality in initiating anti-Chinese pogroms, forcing people into unproductive New Economic Zones, and keeping political opponents in concentration camps. In fact these measures are, respectively, racist, a violation of international economic and social rights, and a violation of international civil and political rights.

—*Stephen B. Young*

Toward a New U.S. Industrial Policy. *Michael L. Wachter, Susan M. Wachter, eds. Univ. of Pennsylvania, $30.*

Why Reagan Won: The Conservative Movement 1964-1981. *F. Clifton White, William Gill. Regnery/ Gateway, $14.95.* It was F. Clifton White, a political consultant, who

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THE BUREAUCRAT

Editor: **Thomas D. Lynch** (Mississippi State University)

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first approached Ronald Reagan to run for governor of California after his famous pro-Goldwater speech in 1964. "But Clif," Reagan asked, "do you run for governor on the basis of a single speech?" "People run on a whole lot less," White answered, providing an insight Reagan took to heart thereafter.

Reagan gets the most elaborate treatment here. The author "reveals" that the myths about the president's faults have little substance. His virtues are a different matter. Perhaps you don't know that in 1964 the host of "Death Valley Days" already had "a better understanding than most professional politicians, including LBJ himself." Or that as governor "Reagan was on the front line fighting the revolution that was attempting to overthrow our democratic system in the sixties and seventies." You remember the Revolution, of course.

White recalls that when he was in the hospital in 1978, the Reagans called him up to wish him a speedy recovery. "I made a little private vow that day: if I had my health back in 1980, I would do what I could to help Ronald Reagan to the presidency of the United States, even if I had to do it as a precinct worker in my town, Greenwich, Connecticut."

White feels conservatives have been underpublicized by the liberal media, so he gives us page after page with names of people connected in some way with his conservative candidates. You expect the last line to read "I hope I haven't forgotten to mention any of my contacts."

—M.H.

Witness to Power. *John Ehrlichman. Simon & Schuster, $17.50.* This book should disabuse you of any notion that John Ehrlichman's friendly looking beard, well-crafted novels, and earthy retreat in New Mexico have turned him into a nice guy. He has the same old mean streak and can twist in the knife on paper as well as he once did on tape.

But the memoir is very much worth reading anyway. Ehrlichman was always the smartest of Nixon's aides, and although he continues to claim he was set up (he now says Nixon himself approved the burglary of the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist), the obnoxious tone of the Watergate chapters doesn't destroy the book's other stories and insights.

Nixon, we learn, was seriously hung over the morning of his famous 1962 "last press conference." His drinking problems were so serious in those years that Ehrlichman told him if he didn't stop, he'd no longer work for him. Once in the White House, Nixon talked tough in private but generally acted gutlessly. He rarely was able to rebuke, much less fire, anyone face-to-face.

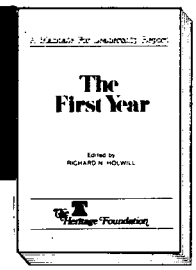
Ehrlichman can draw devastating personal portraits (Warren Burger and Dan Rather are among the victims), but the most savage and telling of all is reserved for Henry Kissinger, who comes across as a petulant crybaby. "I shall return to Harvard at once," he threatened on several occasions when upset by petty matters. Now we know where Alexander Haig learned to use the resignation threat so skillfully.

—Jonathan Alter

MANDATE FOR LEADERSHIP

THE FIRST YEAR

Don't miss this hard-hitting report of the Reagan Administration by The Heritage Foundation.



When *Mandate for Leadership* came out last year, Ronald Reagan said, "The material combined mastery of the federal bureaucracy with a no-nonsense plan to cut it down to size. We've been using it to our and the country's advantage ever since, and by remaining so thorough, to-the-point, and up-to-date, The Heritage Foundation's research continues to be useful to us and to our policy-making process. As a matter of fact, one of the people its been most useful to—and used by—is me."

Now, one year later, the experts who put that book together take a hard look at the Administration's performance in *The First Year*. The results have had a dramatic impact throughout the Washington policy community—this is must reading for Washington insiders.

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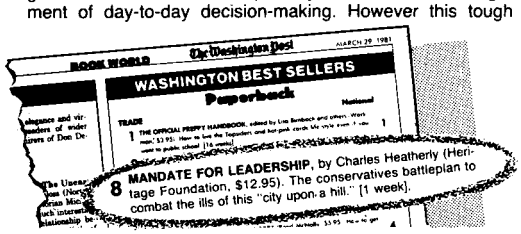

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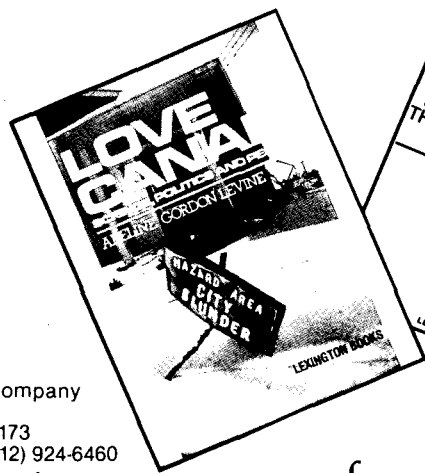

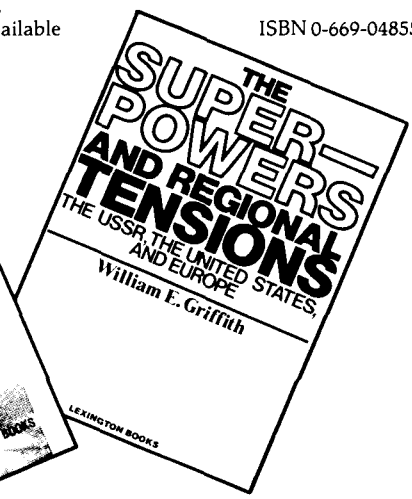

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"Planet Earth has a furnace inside," says Glen E. Campbell, Gulf's Geothermal sor. "The heat is gen- oy the natural radio- ecay of elements the earth, and is con- outward toward the

But the earth's crust isn't same thickness every- e. So in some places, this rmal energy is buried eep, and in other places it comes right to the surface as volcanoes, geysers or hot springs.

"In many areas of the world, including the western U.S., geothermal resources hot enough to generate electricity come fairly close to the surface. In one such area, at Steamboat Springs, near Reno, Nevada, Gulf and another energy company are working on various techniques for extracting heat from the earth and putting it to work generating electricity.

"The potential is tremendous. Government figures show that the geothermal resources within the U.S. could free roughly a million barrels of oil per day for other uses."

Geothermal energy could be a big step toward energy independence. It's part of the business Gulf is in: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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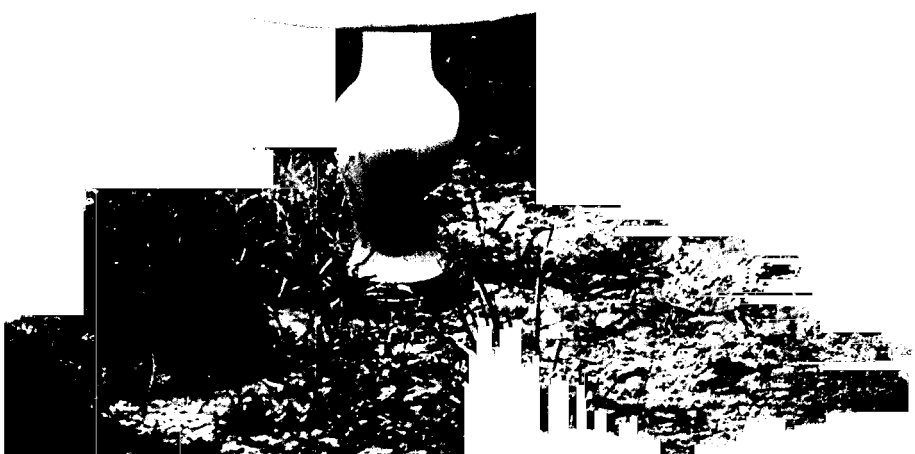
Electricity from Earth's body-heat.



ating electricity from geothermal resources could e America an million barrels of oil a day.

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